

NOVEMBER

NO. 18

10c

CRACK COMICS



THE CLOCK



JANE ARDEN



LIAS THE SPIDER

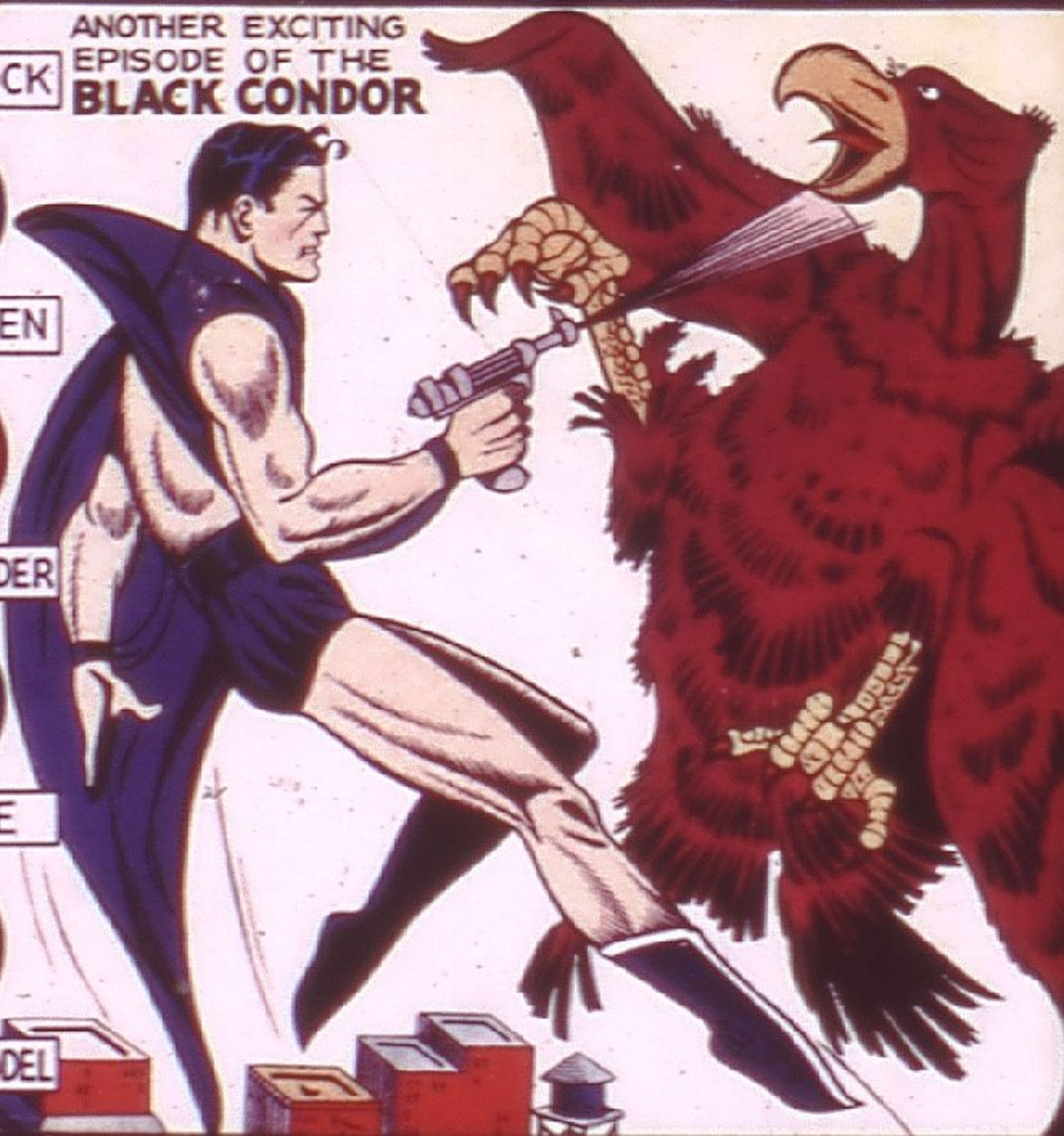


SPITFIRE



MOLLY THE MODEL

ANOTHER EXCITING
EPISODE OF THE
BLACK CONDOR





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

How Jimmy Got His New

SCHWINN-BUILT BIKE



He filled out and sent in the coupon for the big Free Movie Cyclorama with movie stars' pictures and their favorite bikes. Then he showed the Cyclorama to Dad and Mother. They saw the swell pictures I want you to have—strong, safe—with stars' pictures and their favorite bikes. And Dad said, "Jimmy, that's the bike and Mother. They saw the swell pictures I want you to have—strong, safe—with stars' pictures and their favorite bikes. and read all about Schwinn-Built bicycles. Schwinn Safety Brakes that stop instantly.



**GUARANTEED
FOR LIFE**

Gee, boys and girls! This is the bike you want—a genuine Schwinn-Built, like the big movie stars ride! Get one of those swell Movie Cyclorama books free, then show Dad and Mother the pictures and they'll see why everybody wants a Schwinn-Built bike! Boy, what a bike! Rides so slick, pedals so easy, with many exclusive accessories—built-in Cyclolock, Spring Fork, safe, fast-stopping Fore-Wheel Brake, big Lights—and built so strong it's **GUARANTEED FOR LIFE!** 57 different models—and honestly, they are all tops! All Schwinn-Built bicycles are built to order and there's a model exactly suited to your needs, regardless of your size or age. So hurry!—send the coupon on a penny postcard today, for your **FREE** Movie Cyclorama, to help you get a Schwinn-Built of your own.



To be sure it's a real Schwinn-Built, look for this Schwinn Seal on the frame.

Arnold, Schwinn & Company, Inc.
1734 North Kildare Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your Free Movie Cyclorama with pictures of the movie stars.

Name
Street
City State

SEND FOR YOUR

FREE!

MOVIE CYCLORAMA

—with big colored pictures of Buck Jones, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Constance Bennett, and other movie stars, and latest Schwinn-Built models. Just paste coupon on a postcard and send your name and address. Arnold, Schwinn & Company, 1734 North Kildare Ave., Chicago, Illinois.



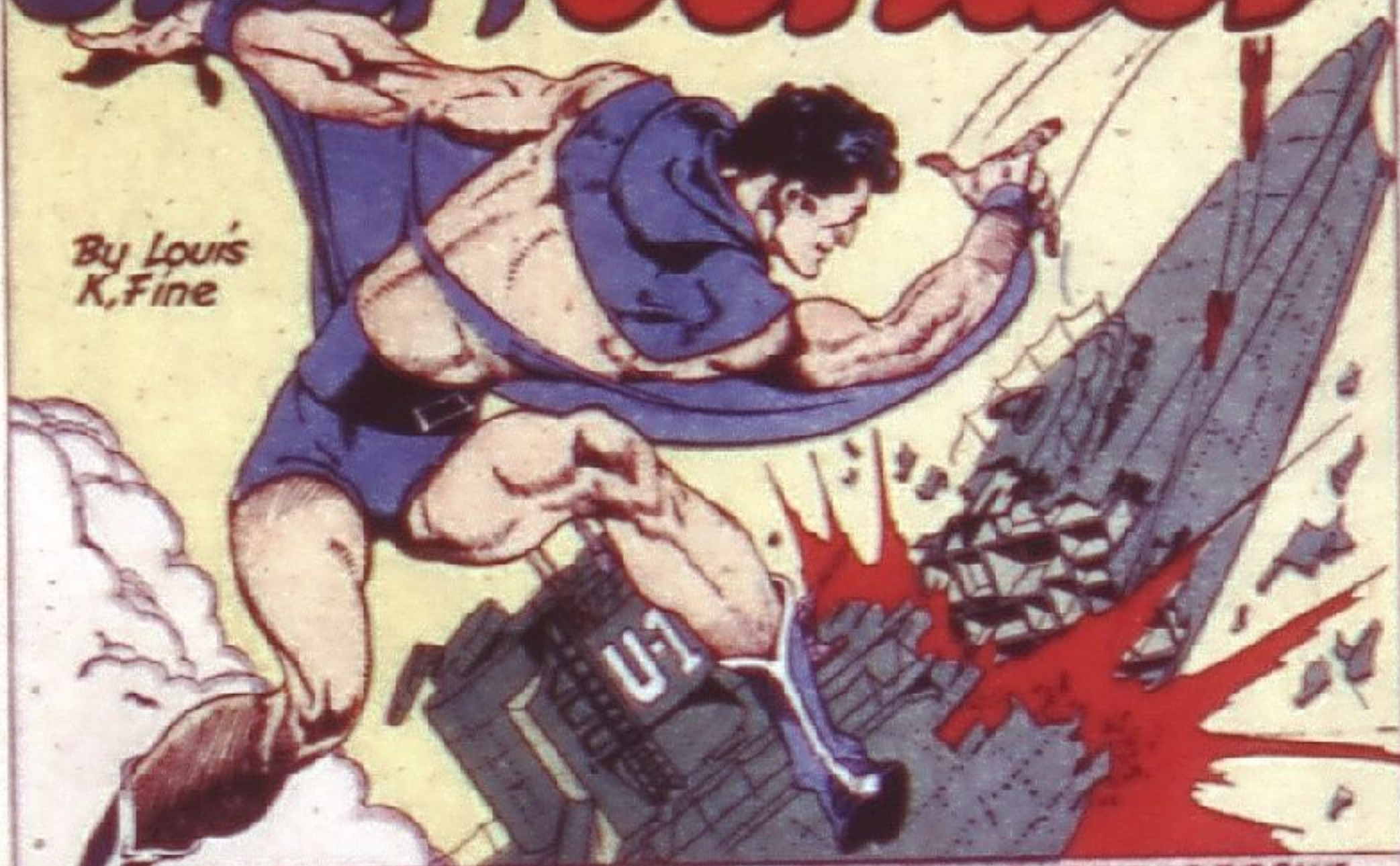
*For the Pleasure
of a Lifetime!
Schwinn-Built Bicycles*

Schwinn-Built Bicycles

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The Black Condor

By Louis
K. Fine



THE DREADED BLACK CONDOR AND THE MILD SENATOR TOM WRIGHT ARE ONE AND THE SAME SINCE THE MURDER OF THE REAL SENATOR WRIGHT... THIS SWITCH IN PLACES HAS BEEN KEPT FROM LOVELY WENDY FOSTER BECAUSE OF THE EFFECT... AND IT IS KNOWN ONLY TO HER FATHER, DR. FOSTER... THE BLACK CONDOR NOW CRUSHES THE SPONGERS OF AN AMAZING PLOT.

DOZENS OF SCIENTISTS HAVE
VANISHED DURING THE PAST FEW
MONTHS...

BUT, GENTLEMEN,
I AM WORKING
ON A SECRET
GOVERNMENT
DEVICE!

EXACTLY,
PROF. STEINER,
AND OUR
GOVERNMENT
WANTS YOUR
INVENTION!

NEXT DAY, AN ANGRY CROWD
CLAMORS IN THE STREETS...

WHAT'S
THE F.B.I.
DOING?

AS TAXPAYERS
WE DEMAND
PROTECTION!!

AS SENATOR TOM WRIGHT, THE BLACK
CONDOR IS NOW IN DOCTOR FOSTER'S
HOME...

TOM, YOUR BILL
TO INCREASE THE
F.B.I. APPROPRI-
ATION DIDN'T GO
OVER IN THE
SENATE, EH?

NO!! AND
HOW CAN
THE SECRET
SERVICE
WORK
WITHOUT FUNDS?



DAILY INVESTIGATION TOM BRIGHT
NOW PILOTS A PLANE OVER A
SMALL BUT BUSY FACTORY.

ODD... ALL THOSE BOX-CARS, AND
SUCH A SMALL PLANT!



THAT NIGHT, THE SENATOR LURKS
NEAR THE FACTORY

MUST BE
CAREFUL... THIS FENCE
IS PROBABLY WIRED TO
AN ALARM!



HMM... HUNDREDS
OF CARS... ARE THEY
EMPTY OR... HEY!!



AM I SEEING THINGS... OR DID
THAT END CAR SUDDENLY
DISAPPEAR ?!



HELLO THERE,
FELLA... I SAY...



W... WHAT
D'YA... ??

SENATOR! DO YOU
WANT TO MAKE A
HUNDRED
DOLLARS?



SO, UPON EYING THE WORKER'S
CLOTHES, TOM GETS INSIDE THE
PLANT...

EVERYTHING SEEMS
ALL RIGHT... YET I...



C'MON! MOVE
FASTER HENNEY!
H... HEY! YOU AINT
HENNEY!



THE FOREMAN DRAWS A GUN...

SPY HUNTER? THE BOSS'LL WANT
SEE YOU... START WALKIN'!



WRIGHT SOON FACES JASPAR CROW
HIS OLD ENEMY... WHOSE FINGER
IS IN MOST INDUSTRIAL TROUBLE
PIES....

CROW!! HOW YOU
DO GET AROUND!!

SENATOR
TOM WRIGHT!
PLAYIN'
SPY!!



WRIGHT, YOU KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS TO
SPIES IN DEFENSE
INDUSTRIES!

WHY, YOU!!



NOW, COME
ALONG QUIET FELLA,
OR I'LL CONK YA!



TOM IS FORCED TO CLIMB INTO
A TANK CAR....

IF YA AIN'T
SUFFOCATED
BY THE TIME
THESE CARS PULL
OUT T'NIGHT...



... THEN YA'LL DIE WHEN
THEY FILL THE CAR
WITH PRUSSIC
ACID.. S'LONG
SNOOPER!



A FINE SPOT I'M IN...
OR SO THEY THINK!



WRIGHT QUICKLY BECOMES THE BLACK
CONDOR, AND HIS BLACK BRY PISTOL
SEARS A HOLE IN THE CAR...

HA! WE'LL SEE IF I'M TRAPPED!



HE EMERGES INTO THE NIGHT...

NOW I TAKE ANOTHER CAR RIDE...
BUT NOT ONE SCHEDULED BY
THEM!!





NOW, IF THIS END CAR VANISHES
I'LL BE RIGHT WITH
IT!



AH! WE'RE
MOVING... BUT
WHERE TO??



THE
CAR DROPE
DOWN A
GREAT
ELEVATOR
SHAFT.



WHY? IT'S AN UNDER-
GROUND FACTORY! MAKING
ILLICIT WAR MATERIAL FOR
A FOREIGN POWER, NO DOUBT!



AS THE BLACK CONDOR HITCHES HIS
EX-CAPTORS LEAD OTHER MEN FROM
THE BOX-CAR...

WELCOME, PROF. STEINER...
YOU TOO, DR. MARCH... AN'
YA BETTER BE HAPPY
HERE!



SUBMARINES!
OUR KIDNAPPED
SCIENTISTS ARE
CREATING
THEM!



THE CONDOR PEERS INTO A SMALL ROOM

HMM!! A
HYPNOTIST AT
WORK!!



AND YOU WILL DO
EXACTLY AS
ORDERED!
DO YOU
UNDERSTAND
??

YES, I
UNDERSTAND

Y..YES!

GUARDS!! THEY WENT UNDER THE SPELL NICELY... ASSIGN THESE MEN TO THEIR DUTIES!



CLIVER... PUTTING THEM IN A TRANCE... AND DEVLISH?



NEXT THE BIRD-MAN LOOPS INTO A HUGE LABORATORY...



WHY!! THERE'S DR. PAIGE AND THE GREAT HANS ERUCKA... MAYBE I CAN PENETRATE THEIR TRANCE!

AGAIN AS SENATOR WRIGHT, THE BLACK CONDOR SUCCESSFULLY BREAKS DR. PAIGE'S SPELL...

DR. PAIGE!! DR. PAIGE!! YOU KNOW ME... TOM WRIGHT!!

W. WHERE AM I... WHAT...? OH... I REMEMBER... THEY KIDNAPPED US AND...



QUICK... TAKE ME TO YOUR QUARTERS... I'LL RESTORE THE OTHER MEN... WE'LL SMASH THIS PLACE...

OH... THERE ARE MANY OF US HERE... THEY USED US TO HELP WRECK AMERICA!



THESE CELLS WERE OUR HOMES TOM... WE EACH HAD ONE... I'D BETTER RETURN NOW...



YES... PRETEND TO BE STILL IN THE TRANCE!

GONE FROM ORL TO CELL WRIGHT BREAKS THE SCYTHIST'S SPELL...

YOU'RE AWAKE... AWAKE!!!



THERE NOW... YOU'RE ALL NORMAL AGAIN... NEARLY A HUNDRED OF YOU!

IF WE CAN ONLY GET THEIR FIENDISH LEADER!



A SPOTTER FLASHES A TENSE MESSAGE TO THE SURFACE

CALLING THE LEADER! THE MEN ACT STRANGE... WE THINK TRANCES ARE BEING BROKEN BY SOMEONE!





BUT THE SHACKS ARE EMPTY.. THE
SCIENTISTS ARE ELSEWHERE AWAITING
TOM WRIGHT'S STRIKING SIGNAL....



THE GUARDS DISCOVER THE HOAX...

THEY FOOLED US..
THEY WERENT IN THE
SHACKS.. THE LEADER
WILL SHOOT US.



SOON...



HOLY CATS!!
IT'S THE
BLACK
CONDOR!



BUT A DEADLY BRY MACHINE CRSTS
ITS BEAM AT THE MEN



THE BLACK CONDOR BLINDS THE MEN
WHICH MEETS OVERHEAD GIGGERS...
MACHINERY CRASHES....



THE NEW MACHINE IS QUICKLY LOADED INTO
A WAITING SUBMARINE....



EVERYTHING NOW
ABOARD. HURRY,
YOU FELLAS!

THIS
DISINTEGRATOR
WILL BLAST THE
COAST APART!!

THE SEA MONSTER QUICKLY WASHES
INSIDE A LOCK....



THIS BLACK
RAY SHOULD
OPEN THAT SEA
DOOR LIKE A
TIN CAN...

BUT RUNNING FEET CLATTER ABOVE...



THE
HYPNOTIST
THINK I CAN
USE THAT
BIRD!!



WHA! I'VE GOT
A JOB FOR YOU,
GENIUS!!

NO!! NO!! LET
ME GO!! LET ME
GO!!



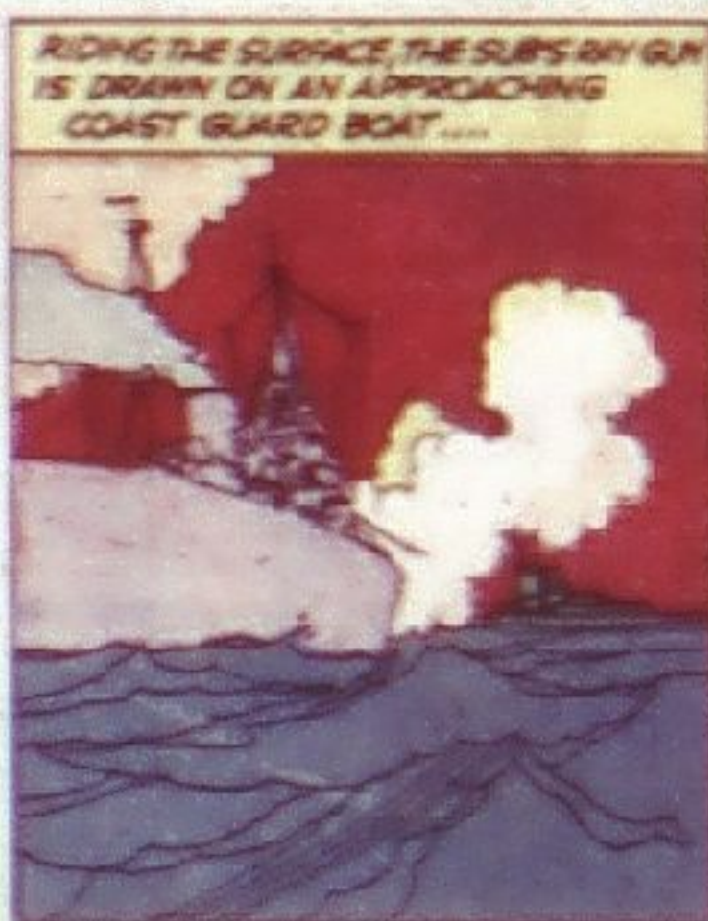
NOW... WE ARE
ALONE AND THIS
HOLE IS FILLING WITH
WATER... CALL
YOUR LEADER!!

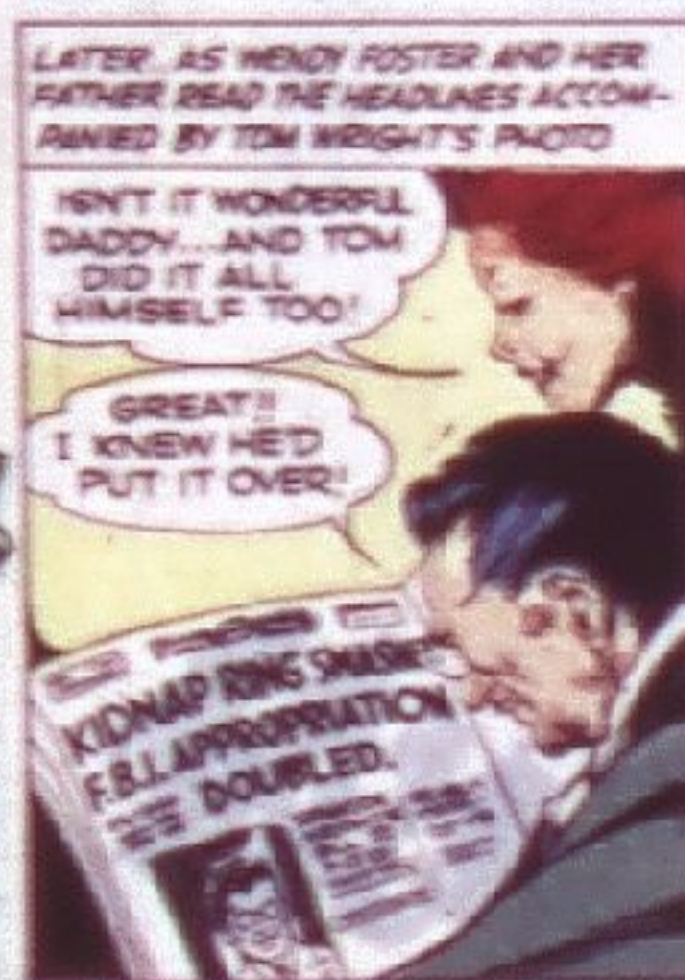
B. BUT...
I... I...
CAN'T... NO...



OH!!!!
W. WE'LL
DROWN!!
LEADER!!
LEADER!!
DO YOU
HEAR
ME??

WHEN HE APPEARS
ON THE TELEVISOR
YOU HYPNOTIZE HIM.
UNDERSTAND??





MOLLY the MODEL



Molly the Model



Molly The Model appears each month in CRACK COMICS.



CRUISING THE SEAS IN HIS NAVIGABLE TORPEDO, THE MASKED FORMER OFFICER OF THE U.S. NAVY FIGHTS TO DEFEND FREE NATIONS FROM THE BLACK SHARK'S DREADED ATTACKS.

By Allen

PROFESSOR GREY HAS LOCATED A SUNKEN TREASURE SHIP AND PLANS TO SALVAGE ITS GOLD. BUT THE BLACK SHARK IS OUT TO GRAB IT FOR HIS WAR CHEST. THE TROUBLE STARTS WHEN...

GREY CALLING THE RED TORPEDO... WRECK FOUND... WEST OF COCOS ISLE.



BLACK SHARK ACTS FAST.



THAT'S ENOUGH! NOW I CAN SET A TRAP FOR RED!

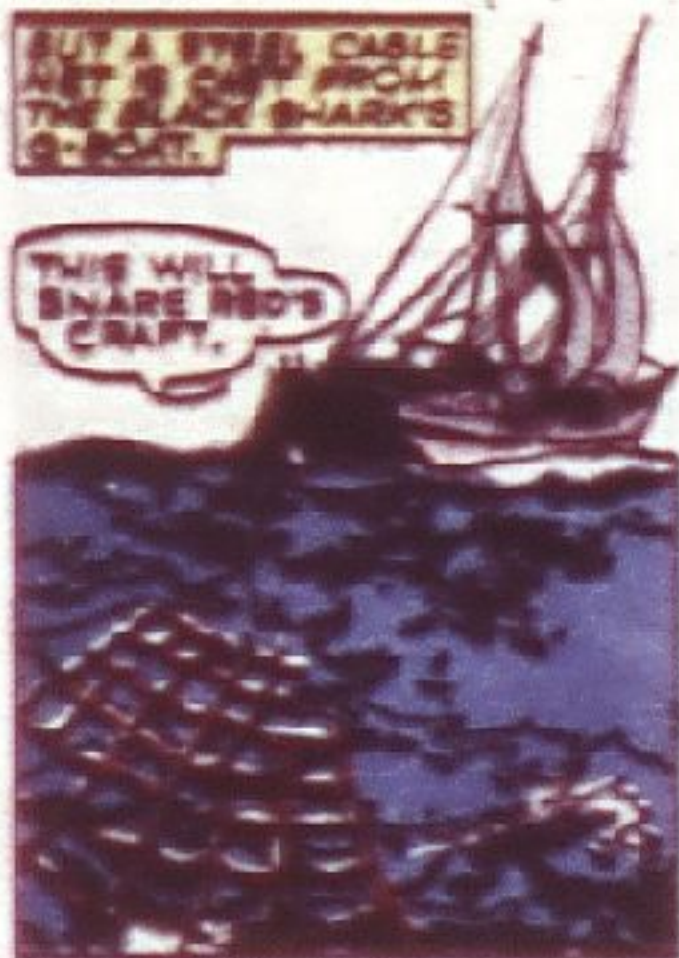
THE BLACK SHARK RAISES THE TREASURE.



I'LL TRANSFER THIS GOLD TO MY CARGO PLANE!

BUT WITH AMAZING SPEED, THE RED TORPEDO STREAKS TOWARD COCOS ISLE.









SOON THE BLACK SHARK IS SPEEDING WEST.



THE RED TORPEDO IS FORCED TO THE SURFACE.



A SURPRISE PUNCH MEETS THE BLACK SHARK.



"BLACKIE" IS THROUGH FOR THE DAY... I'LL LEAVE HIM IN MY TORPEDO AND GO AFTER THE ADMIRAL IN BLACKIE'S PLANE!



SOON AFTER...



RED MIMICS SHARK'S VOICE.



AND QUICKLY DISARMS HIS OPPONENT.



NOW WE'LL HEAD FOR PROFESSOR GREY'S BASE ON COODS ISLE... YOU WON'T BE RELEASED UNTIL YOUR MEN RETURN THE GOLD!



TOR THE MAGIC MASTER



BY FRED
SHARDNEER

THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE STOPS
AND EXAMINES THE TRACK!



TOR, THE MAGIC MASTER, IS REALLY JIM SLADE,
ROVING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER. WHEN WEARING
A MOUSTACHE AND MAGICIAN'S GARB JIM BE-
COMES TOR AND KEEPS THIS DISGUISE A SECRET.
HE IS NOW GAZING INTO HIS
CRYSTAL BALL!

QUICKLY GETTING TO WORK THE
STRANGER STARTS TO REMOVE THE
SPIKES FROM THE RAILS!



GREAT SCOTT!
A SABOTEUR! AND
THE TROOPS ARE
DUE ANY
MOMENT!



GRABBING HIS MINIATURE CAMERA
TOR RACES HIS CAR TO THE AIRPORT!



IN A CHARTERED PLANE TOR TAKES TO THE AIR... TO RACE THE TRAIN TO THE DANGER ZONE!



FOLLOW THE DELAWARE RAILROAD TRACKS!



SOON THE PLANE OVERTAKES THE TRAIN SPEEDING ALONG FAR BELOW



A FEW MINUTES AFTER PASSING THE TRAIN TOR RECOGNIZES THE GORGE SEEN IN HIS CRYSTAL!



AND THERE IS THE SABOTEUR RUNNING AWAY!

YOU CAN LET ME OUT HERE, PILOT!

HUH? THERE'S NO PLACE TO LAND AROUND HERE!



THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY... I'D JUST AS SOON DROP!

WHAT? IT'S A THOUSAND FEET DOWN THERE!



NEVERTHELESS TOR STEPS FROM THE COCKPIT AND PLUMMETS TOWARD THE GROUND.



HE MUST BE NUTS!

SDNAH, EMOCEB SGNIW!



AT HIS MAGICAL GESTURE TOR'S ARMS BECOME WINGS!



THESE'LL SLOW ME UP QUITE A BIT!

THE MAGICIAN LANDS EASILY ON THE TRACKS AS THE TRAIN APPEARS IN THE DISTANCE.



TOR QUICKLY TAKES A SMALL RIMLESS MIRROR FROM HIS POCKET AND PLACES IT UPRIGHT BETWEEN THE RAILS!



ELTTIL RORRIM, EMOCEB A DNASUHT SEMIT REGRAL!



UNDER THE MAGICIAN'S INFLUENCE THE MIRROR GROWS A THOUSAND TIMES LARGER!



IN THE APPROACHING TRAIN THE ENGINEER LOOKS INTENTLY DOWN THE TRACK...



WHAT LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER TRAIN TO THE ENGINEER IS MERELY THE REFLECTION OF HIS OWN TRAIN IN THE HUGE GLASS MIRROR!



HULLY GEE! A TRAIN COMING HEAD ON! PULL THE EMERGENCY BRAKES!

HOPE THAT TRAIN CAN STOP TOO!



JAMMING ON THE BRAKES THE TRAIN COMES TO A GRINDING HALT A FEW FEET FROM THE MIRROR, AND WHAT APPEARS TO THE ENGINEER AS THE OTHER TRAIN!



THE ENGINEER QUICKLY CLIMBS OUT OF THE TRAIN.

WHO ARE YOU—A WISE GUY? PUTTIN' UP THAT MIRROR AND STOPPIN' THE TRAIN? I'LL + I'LL -



JUST A MINUTE WHILE I SHRINK THE MIRROR BACK TO NORMAL!



NOW, MR. ENGINEER, LOOK AT THIS RAIL... ALL THE SPIKES HAVE BEEN REMOVED!

WELL, I'LL BE! BROTHER, YOU PREVENTED A TRAIN WRECK AND SAVED THE LIVES OF A LOT OF SOLDIERS!



WHO DID IT? HOW DID YOU—

NEVERMIND! CALL OUT THE SOLDIERS FOR A MANHUNT. THE SABOTEUR RAN UP IN THOSE HILLS!



IMMEDIATELY A DETAIL OF SOLDIERS SWARMS UP THE STEEP CLIFFS AFTER THE WOULD-BE TRAIN WRECKER!



FAR UP ON THE HILL THE GUILTY FOREIGN AGENT TRIES TO GET AWAY!

THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME!



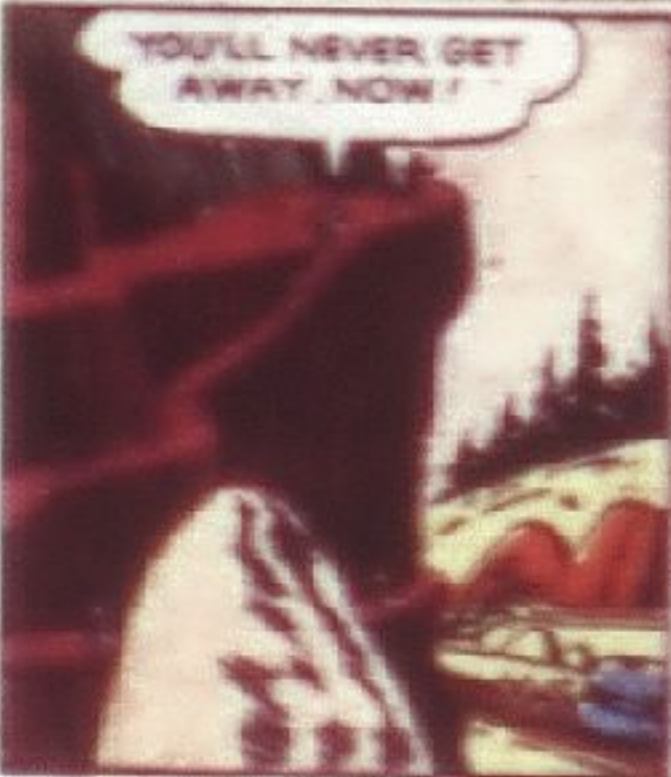
BUT ONE SOLDIER, FASTER THAN THE REST, CLOSES IN ON HIS QUARRY!

THERE HE GOES!



THE CHASE GOES ALONG A NARROW PATH HIGH ABOVE THE RAILROAD TRACK!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY, NOW!



TURNING LIKE A CORNERED RAT, THE SABOTEUR LEAPS AT HIS PURSUER!

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, SOLDIER!



LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT THE TWO MEN
STRUGGLE ON THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE!



FAR BELOW ON THE
TRACKS TOR AND THE
OTHERS WATCH THE
FIGHT!



I'M
GETTING SOME
SWELL PICTURES
OF THE ARMY IN
ACTION!

SUDDENLY THE
GROUND BENEATH
THE FIGHTING MEN
GIVES WAY!



RESPONDING TO
TOR'S WILL THE TREE
GROWING OUT THE
SIDE OF THE CLIFF
REACHES OUT AND
GRABS THE FALL-
ING MEN!



THEY'RE
FALLING -
THEY'LL BE
KILLED!

I'LL HAVE
TO WORK
FAST!

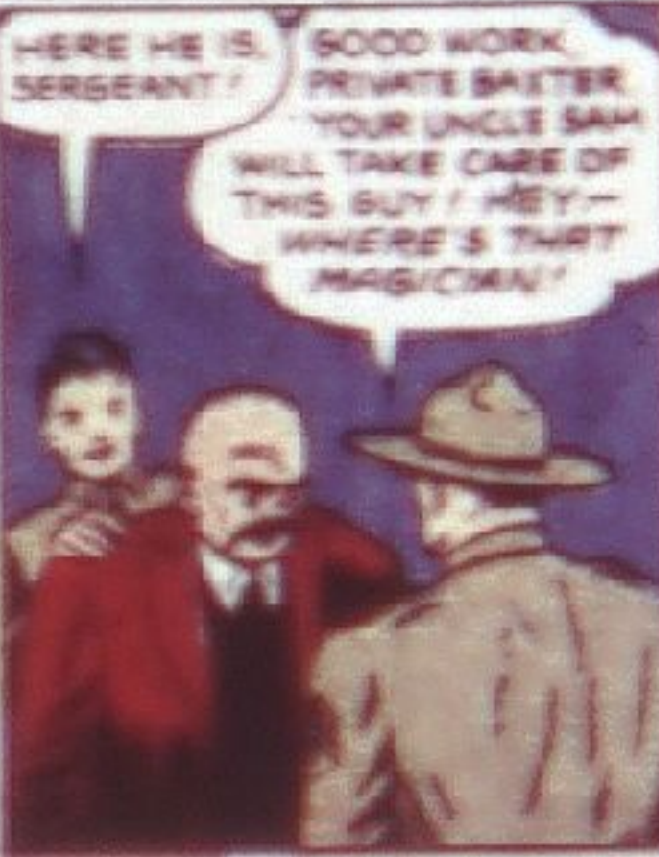


FFILC
EERT, BARG
ESOHT NEM!



LUCKY FOR US
THIS TREE WAS
HERE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



HERE HE IS,
SERGEANT!

GOOD WORK,
PRIVATE BAXTER.
YOUR UNCLE SAM
WILL TAKE CARE OF
THIS GUY! HEY -
WHERE'S THAT
MAGICIAN!

OUT OF SIGHT, TOR HAS BECOME
JIM SLADE!



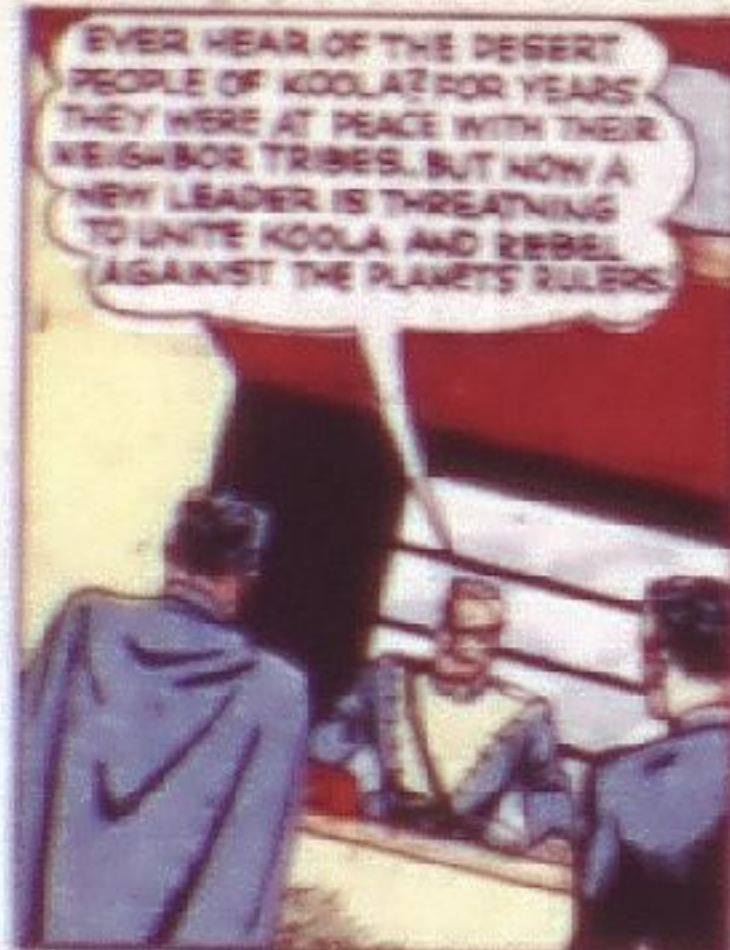
WELL, THE MAGIC
ENDS HERE... I'LL GO BACK TO
THE OFFICE WITH MY PICTURES TO
ONCE AGAIN WATCH THE BOSS
COLLAPSE IN WONDER AT
IT ALL!

Slap Happy Pappy

by
RALPH
JOHNS



Enjoy Slap Happy Pappy in the December issue of CRACK COMICS.



EVER HEAR OF THE DESERT PEOPLE OF KOOLA? FOR YEARS THEY WERE AT PEACE WITH THEIR NEIGHBOR TRIBES. BUT NOW A NEW LEADER IS THREATENING TO UNITE KOOLA AND REBEL AGAINST THE PLANET'S RULERS!



A MAN NAMED YUK-YUK IS BLAMED FOR THE UPRISING AND HE MUST BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE. NOW THERE ARE MUCH MORE DANGEROUS JOBS ON THE LIST BUT YOUR JOB FOR THE PRESENT IS TO GET YUK-YUK!

YES SIR!



HA/HA/ LITTLE DO THEY KNOW I'VE JUST SENT THE TWO BEST MEN OF THE LEGION AFTER THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE UNIVERSE!



SOON ROCK AND CURLY ARE ON THEIR WAY...

DID YOU HEAR HIM SAY THERE ARE MUCH MORE DANGEROUS JOBS? YUK-YUK... -BAK!



KOOLA! THE GREAT BARREN PLANET NEAR MARS...

WHERE' WHAT HEAT! I CAN'T IMAGINE MEN GOING AROUND HAVING REBELLIONS... IT'S TOO HOT!



THERE'S A LARGE CITY ON THIS SIDE OF THE DESERT. WE'LL LAND THERE, CURLY!



LOOK! THE WHOLE CITY'S IN RUINS!

SAY THIS YUK-YUK MUST BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE CHIEF THOUGHT!



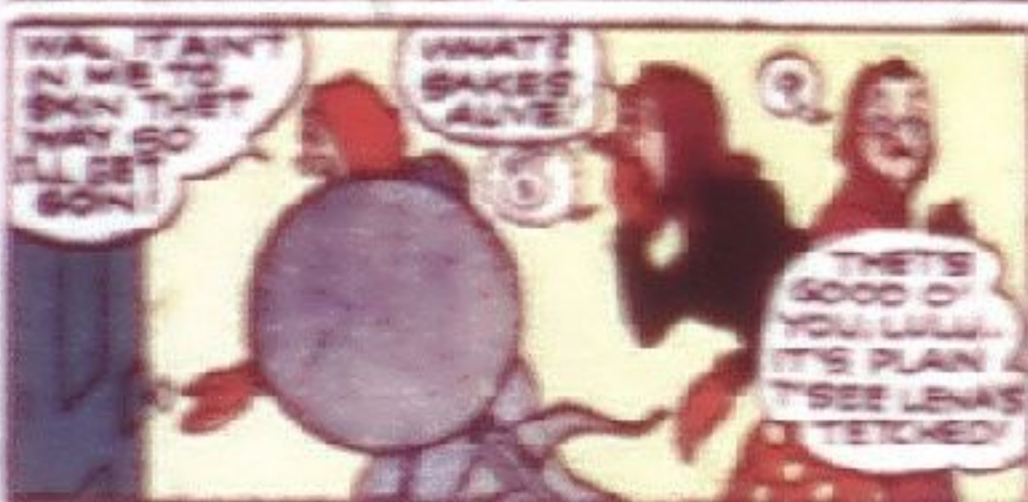
THE ENTIRE PLANET'S LAID WASTE BY THE MARAUDERS WERE TOO LATE!

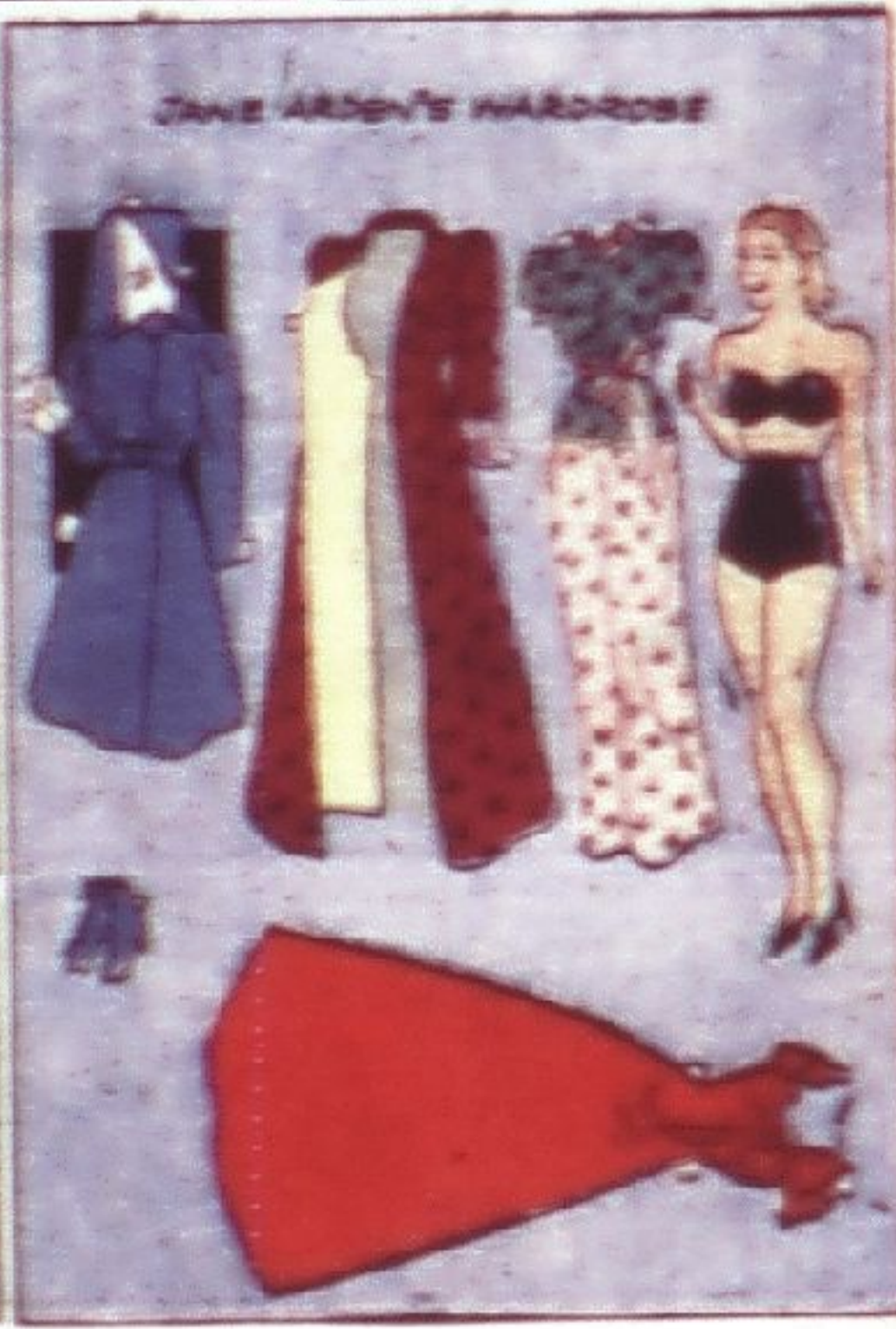
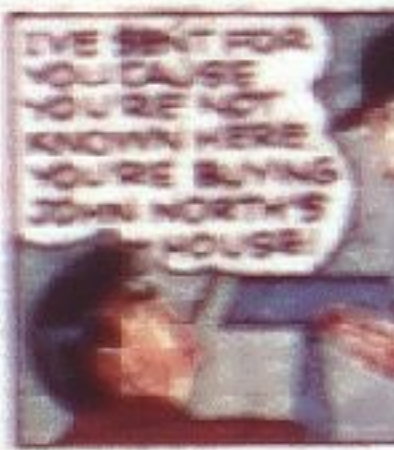
BUT WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

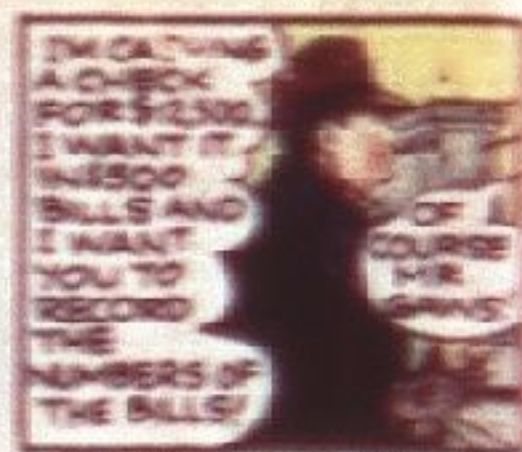














ALIAS

The

SPIDER

by
Red Gorman



HE Hunts
THE
PRISONERS
OF ALL
CRIMINALS
BEYOND
THE
REACHING
ARM OF
THE LAW



DON'T
BOSS! DIS IS
GUIDE!

IT'S
MY FIRST
CHANCE
IN A
WEEK.
I'LL HAVE
TO RISK
IT!

AT THE TOP OF A
LARGE BUILDING IN
NEW YORK CITY.



A FIGURE IF BLACK
TALKS TO A SHIFTY-
EYED MEMBER OF
THE UNDERWORLD.

I WANT
A HUNDRED
AND FIFTY
GRAND.
YOU KNOW
WHAT THEY'RE
WORTH!

YES... HALF
A MILLION IF THEY
GENUINE!



SLIGHTLY THE
SPIDER MOVES
DOWN THE BLANK
WALL TO ABOUT
THREE STORES
MORE AND
DOWN...



WELL, WELL, QUITE A HAND! PART OF THE RUSSIAN CROWN JEWEL COLLECTION. I KNOW ONE THING ABOUT THIS GUY NOW... HE'S A CROOK, AND NO SMALL FRY!

SUDDENLY, AND AS QUICK AS A FLUSH, THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IN BLACK GRABS THE JEWELS OUT OF THE FENCE'S HAND AND STEPS BACKWARDS.

SOMEONE IS WATCHING AND LISTENING TO US! SORRY, BUT YOU ARE OF NO MORE USE TO ME!

N. NO... I BRER...



I'VE PULLED THIS STUNT MORE THAN ONCE!



AND THIS IS FOR YOU NOSEY!



AS THE SHOT RINGS OUT, THE SPIDER DROPS.



BUT THE SPIDER'S FALL IS RAISED... A QUICK TURN AND HE LANDS ON HIS FEET!



AS THE SPIDER DROPS OUT OF THE ALLEY, ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK FIGURE IS A CAR SPEEDING AWAY!



FROM NOW ON YOU'RE DRIVING A MARKED CAR!



WHYBE I CAN FIND OUT WHO THAT GUY WAS FROM THE GUY HE SHOT!



HOLY CATS!

WITH THE SPEED OF
LIGHTNING, THE
SPIDER DROPPED OUT
OF THE ALLEY AGAIN.



AT THE SAME TIME CHUCK, THE
SPIDER'S CONFIDENTIAL SERVANT
RUSHED OUT OF THE BUILDING...

BOSS, YOU'RE
SOKN! I
THOUGHT YOU
WAS A SONER!

NO... C'YON.
WE'VE GOT TO
GET TO THE
BLACK MOON.



HUH?? WHY??
WHAT STARTED
DIS?



PLENTY. THE WRITING IN
BLOOD BY THE DEAD MAN
IN THE ALLEY... IT



THE CROW... MOST
FEARED MAN OF
THE UNDERWORLD...
SILENT AND
DESTRUCTIVE...
SOUGHT BY THE POLICE
IN EVERY COUNTRY
ON THE EARTH...



FOR MURDER... AT THE
PRICE OF A CUP OF
COFFEE...



FOR TERROR... AT THE
PRICE OF A HUNDRED
THOUSAND LIVES...



A HORRIFIC MANIA
WITH THE BRAIN OF A
CURIOUS SERPENT...
WHOSE PATH NO MAN
HAS YET CROSSED AND
LIVED TO TELL OF IT!



HE... THE SPIDER...
DARES... WATCH HIS
WITH HIM

BOSS,
YOU'RE NUTS. THIS
GUY'S TOO SMART EVEN
FOR YOU!

MAY BE!



I WATCHED HIS WITH
A BLACK PANTHER IN
AFRICA ONCE... AND
NOW... I'LL WATCH HIS
WITH THIS RAT... OR
ANY OTHER RAT OF HIS
KIND ANY TIME AT ALL!



BUT THIS BUYS DIFFERENT...
SUPPOSE HE BUYS
THE DROP ON
YOU FIRST!

HE BEAT
HIM TO IT
I'VE MARKED
HIS CAR WITH
MY SEAL!



BOSS, LOOK IS THAT TH' CAR?
YEP, MY SEAL IS ON THE BACK OF IT! CHUCK, TAKE THE WHEEL, WE'RE CLOSING IN ON THE CROW! LISTEN... HERE'S MY PLAN...

A SHORT TIME LATER, THE CRIME CAR STOPS AT AN ABANDONED BREWERY...

...NOT REALIZING THAT THE SPIDER IS CLOSE BEHIND!

GOT MY PLAN STRAIGHT, CHUCK?

SURE! SEE YOU SOON!

AS THE SILENT BLACK WIDOW STREAKS OFF AGAIN, THE SPIDER MAKES HIS WAY TO THE TOP OF THE BREWERY...

SHUT UP YOU GUYS, HERE COMES TH' BOSS!

WHAT A JOB!

WE'RE MOVING! I'VE BEEN SEEN BY THE SPIDER!! WE'RE CRACKING THE INDUSTRIAL BANK AT ONCE... AFTER THAT, SCATTER AND MEET IN SAN FRANCISCO IN THREE WEEKS!

WHAT?

YOU AIN'T LETTING THIS SPIDER GUY RUN YOU OUT OF TOWN! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT YOU WERE YELLER!

ROO! I KEEP UNSEEN SO NO ONE WILL KNOW WHO TO LOOK FOR! THAT'S WHY I LAST SO LONG IN THIS RACKET, AND YOU DON'T!

THE REST OF 'EM!

WELL, THAT MUST BE DONE, MUST BE DONE!

THIS GUNS UP MY PLAN! I'VE GOT TO KEEP THESE GUYS HERE UNTIL CHUCK GETS BACK!

AS THE CROWD MEN START
TO LEAVE, THE SPIDER
STAYS!



OH MY
BOYS...
COME
AND
GET ME!

AT THE SIGHT OF
THE SPIDER'S
DEAL, THE MEN
TURN AND LEAVE
LOSING A DEEPEN-
ING MARCH OF LEAD



NOT QUITE FAST ENOUGH!
IF I CAN KEEP THEM BUSY
FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES,
HOB, CHUCK WILL BE
BACK AND YOU YEGGS
WILL GET THE SURPRISE
OF YOUR LIFE!



NOT QUITE TWO
MINUTES LATER,
THE BLACK WAGON
CRASHES INTO THE
OLD BREWERY



THAT'S THE I DIDN'T
MISS... I'LL LONG
SUCKER!



I GOT THE BALL
AFTER ME, BOSS.
BUT I HAD TO
BUY THE CENTS
OF YOURS THROUGH
YOUR STATIONS TO
GET THEM STARTED!
THEY JUST DON'T BELIEVE
YOU EVER NEED ANY
HELP FROM THE
HEAVY, HADN'T...



BOSS!



THE LOW-GOWN BATS,
THEY GOT THE BOSS!
I GUESS THE ONE
BONNA HAPPEN!
I KNOW IT!



THINK GOOD BATS,
I'LL MODERATE IN
ALL... I'LL...
HEY... HEAVY! DEAD!
JUST OUT! BOSS, BOSS!
WAKE UP! IT'S ME,
CHUCK... BOSS!





Y-YES SURE. WAKE UP! TH' COPS ARE COMING... I CAN'T YOU HEAR TH' SIREN ON... I GOTTA DO IT... IT'S TH' ONLY WAY TO PUT LIFE INTO HIM!



I WOULDN'T BE DOING THIS IF YOU HAD SENSE ENOUGH TO COME TO LIKE ORDINARY PEOPLE!



THE INDUSTRIAL BANK... I'VE GOT TO GET THERE AND STOP THE CROW BEFORE...



OKAY, OKAY, I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! YOU CAN WAKE UP ON TH' WAY! HEY, HEY, HEY, COPS!



WITH ONLY SECONDS TO SPARE, CHUCK RE-ENTERED INTO THE BLACK ROOM AND BEAT ON THE DOOR ON TOP HIM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...



YOU!

RIGHT, MR. CROW!



HOLD BACK! OVERGATE LUCK SO THAT'S WHAT THE SPIDER HAD UP HIS SLEEVE!



A GOOD OLD FASHIONED BANK ROBBERY... AND HE THOUGHT TH' SPIDER WAS SO ON HIS NERVE!



BEFORE LONG EVERYONE THE CROWD ARE POINTING UP BOSS!

TH' CROW HE AIN'T HERE!



HAVE TH' BOMB GOT HIM? HEY... BOSS... BOSS!



HERE, CHUCK, TAKE HIM TO A HOSPITAL SO HE'LL LAST LONG ENOUGH TO REACH WHEN THERE HE BELONGS! THE EXPLOITS OF THE CROW ARE FINISHED!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Published by W. W. Norton

TOUGH LUCK, BOB—
DROP HIM NEXT TIME
THOUGH!

HECK, IF I DIDN'T
MISS ONCE IN A
WHILE, THESE FRESHMEN
WOULD DIE OF FRIGHT
WHEN I KICKED
EM!

FOOTBALL PRACTICE
IS ONLY GAMES!

MISSING
TACKLES ISN'T
FUNNY. BOB—
GONCH LOOKS
PLENTY SORE
AT THE WHOLE
OUTFIT OF
US!

JUST HIS
NATURAL
EXPRESSION.
NED—WHEN
HE SMILES
HIS FACE
CRACKLES
LIKE A BOY
RIB

OF ALL
THE DAUNT
DEFENSIVE
WORK I EVER
SAW I'LL BUILD
A FIRE UNDER
THAT VARSITY
RIGHT
NOW!

AND THAT'S FINAL!
NOW YOU ELEVEN MEN
GET BACK IN THERE AND
PLAY FOOTBALL! I'LL NOT
SUBSTITUTE UNTIL ONE OF
YOU DROPS DEAD—
DO YOU HEAR?
DROPS DEAD!

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
SLASH THOSE PLAYS
BEFORE THEY GET
STARTED!

THEY'RE TAKING
YOU SERIOUSLY, COACH.
—BLUDGEON'S ABOUT
READY TO
DROP!

OH, ROGARTY—
GO IN AT
FULLBACK FOR
BLUDGEON!

THAT'S FUNNY. ROGARTY WENT
ON THE FIELD, BUT HE'S
COMING BACK!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS,
ROGARTY? I TOLD YOU TO GO IN AT
FULLBACK FOR
BLUDGEON!

I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT
PLAYING UNTIL THEY DROPPED
DEAD. COACH, AND BLUDGEON'S
STILL BREATHING!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

MADE BY C. W. BISH

JUST KEEP MOVING 'EM DOWN
AND WE'LL TIE UP THIS BALL GAME
RIGHT NOW!

I'LL TAKE
THE BIG
GUY!

AND
I'LL HIT FOR THE
SHORLINE!

TAKE
AS YOU
GO,
BRANT!

NICE GAIN, NED—
WE'RE ONLY EIGHT
YARDS FROM
CALUMET'S
GOAL!

WHAT'S THAT?
THE REPERE
IS CALLING
FOR THE
BALL!

OH, NED'S 30-YARD RUN
DOESN'T COUNT! CARTER
IS BEING PENALIZED!

FIFTEEN YARDS
FOR HOLDING!
AND SCARCELY
TIME FOR ONE
MORE PLAY!

WELL, WE'RE BEHIND 6 TO 0—WE'VE GOT
TO GAMBLE! TRY THE FORWARD PASS
PLAY, BOO TO MYSELF, OR ANY SUITABLE
PLAYER UNCOVERED!

THINK OUR LINE CAN HOLD
OFF THOSE FINE RUSHERS,
NED?

IT'LL
HAVE TO
HOLD!

BUT CARTER'S ATTEMPTING TO RUN LINGERING
OFF FIELD—DETERMINED CALUMET WARWICK
WILL SCRAMBLE SWEEPING THE FIELD WITH
HIS TEAM FOR AN INDOCTRINATED TACKLE—
THE RUNNING STRATEGY
TICK AWAY!

BALL!
GRAB
THE
BALL!

WARWICK MOVES SMART AND HAS BLUNDED
THE CALUMET BACKFIELD—BUT, AS HE
BRAVES BACK HIS ARM TO REAP THE
TROPHIES, THE BALL ROLLS ON!

WARWICK BRINGS TO A STOP THE BALL
ROLLING IN A DIRECTION UNDESIRABLE BY A
CALUMET BACKFIELD—WARWICK THREATENS CALUMET
THE BALL ROLLS IT STRUCKS THE GROUND
BEHIND WARWICK!

THERE GOES
YOUR OLD
BALL
GAME!

WE
GOOSE-SCOOD
THE GREAT
CARTER
OUTFIT!

IT ALL HAPPENS SO QUICKLY AND SO FAR BEHIND THE LINE OF scrimmage
THAT CARTER HASN'T A CHANCE TO PREVENT THE TOUCHDOWN—
WARWICK GETS TO BE DONE ABOUT CARTER'S SUPER LINE!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPE

DECEMBER 1, 1954

YOUR FOLKS ARE DOWNFIELD IN THE CLOSING MINUTES OF THE CARTER-STATE GAME.

STOP HIM IN THEIR TRACKS, NEA!

I'LL TRAP HIM!

NAH—LET ME DOUP HIM, NEA!

NICE GOING, NED—HE DIDN'T EVEN GET OFF HIS BACK POUCH!

IF HE GETS UP, HE'S MADE OF ROCK!



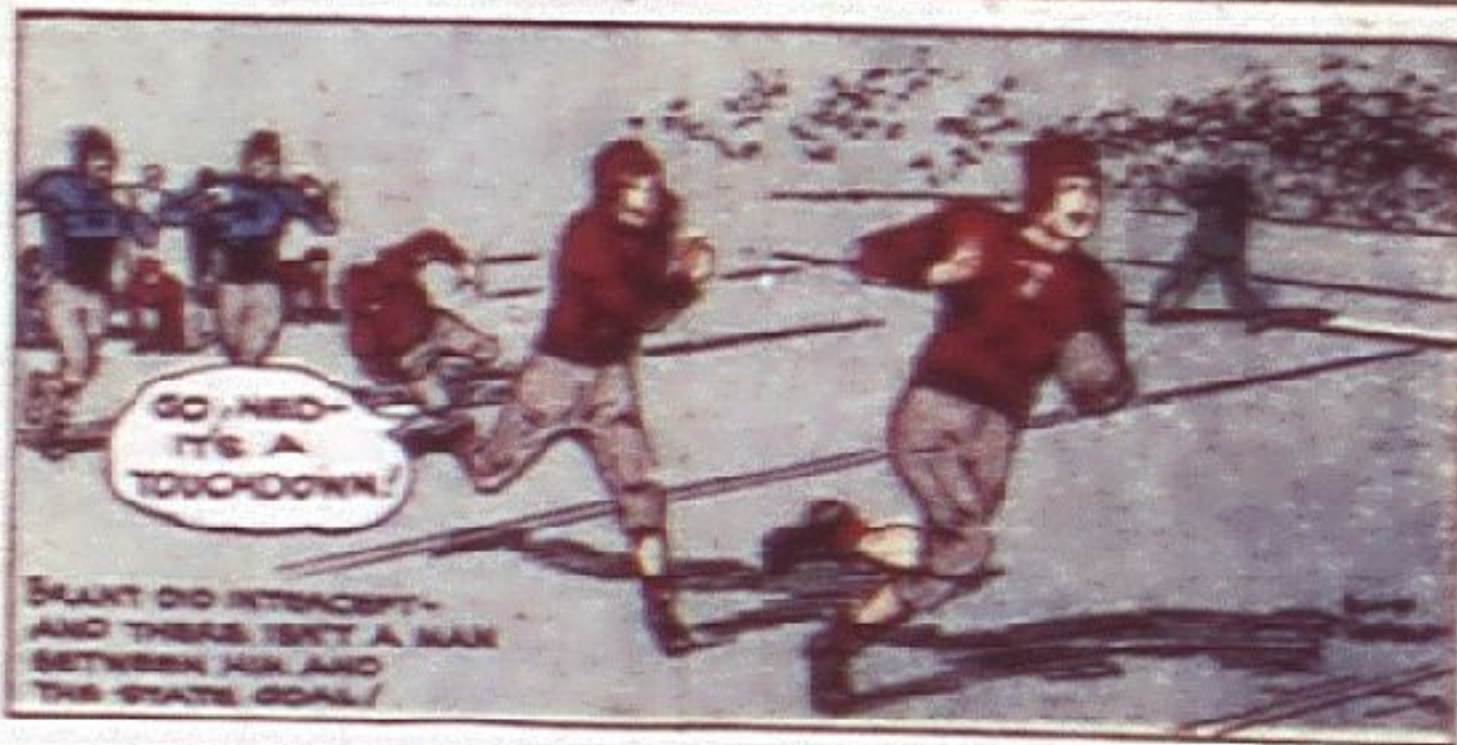
WHY TAKE A CHANCE ON THAT PLAY WHEN WE'RE LEADING, 5 TO 0, WITH ONLY TWO MINUTES LEFT?

THEY'LL BE EXPECTING US TO PUNT OUT OF DANGER, AND WE'LL COME UP WITH A TOUCHDOWN!



TO ME, FAL—TO ME!

BUT AT LEAST ONE CARTER PLAYER—AND IT LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE NED BRANT—IS NOT FOOLED—SEE HIM TRYING IN TO INTERCEPT THE SECOND LATERAL PASS.



GO, NED—IT'S A TOUCHDOWN!

BRANT DID INTERCEPT—AND THERE WASN'T A MAN BETWEEN HIM AND THE STATE GOAL!



BUT BRANT SCORED A TOUCHDOWN—NOT A SOUL TOUCHED HIM!

Oh, SORRY, BUT I WAS KNOCKED OFF MY FEET AND I DO NOT SEE THE PLAY—THE BALL MUST GO BACK!



BUT, KEEP, THAT'S TAKING A BALL GAME RIGHT OUT OF CARTER'S HANDS—YOU KNOW THAT, DON'T YOU?

I FORGET IT, COACH BRANT, BUT MY FEELING STANDS!



MR. TIMEKEEPER, THE GAME WILL RESUME ON THE NEXT PLAY.

IN THE EXCITEMENT, I FORGOT TO TAKE TIME-OUT—THE GAME IS OFFICIALLY OVER!



NEA, IF YOU CAN TAKE THIS ONE ON THE CHIN, I KNOW YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES—I THINK YOU HAVE.

IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS, COACH.

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPE

DOING DUTY AS LINEBACKER, CARTER'S RAMROD BACKFIELD, BRANT, SHERKELLS, WOLF AND SUGGSON, IS MAKING IT POSSIBLE FOR A SUBSTITUTION SET OF BACKS TO ROLL OVER A TOUGH FOOTY TEAM—CARTER HAS A LINE TODAY!

IT'S OVER.

CARTER 12—FOOTY 7!

WE'VE GOT THIS ONE IN THE BAG, GUARD BRANT!

THERE'S ONLY A MINUTE TO PLAY. BOO—LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE RIGHT—UNLESS THEY RUN THE KICKOFF BACK FOR A TOUCH-DOWN.



Ned Brant is continued in the December issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale October 15th.



TEX'S SPITFIRE ADAMS AND HIS COMPANION, CHUCK BOLTON, DECIDE TO TAKE THE JOB OF FLYING AMERICAN BOMBERS TO ENGLAND. ACCOMPANIED BY R.C.A.F. FLIERS AS WELL AS OTHER AMERICAN PILOTS, TEX AND CHUCK FLY TO NEWFOUNDLAND, JUMPING OFF PLACE FOR FLIGHTS TO ENGLAND

EARLY DAWN AT BOTHOOD, NEWFOUNDLAND

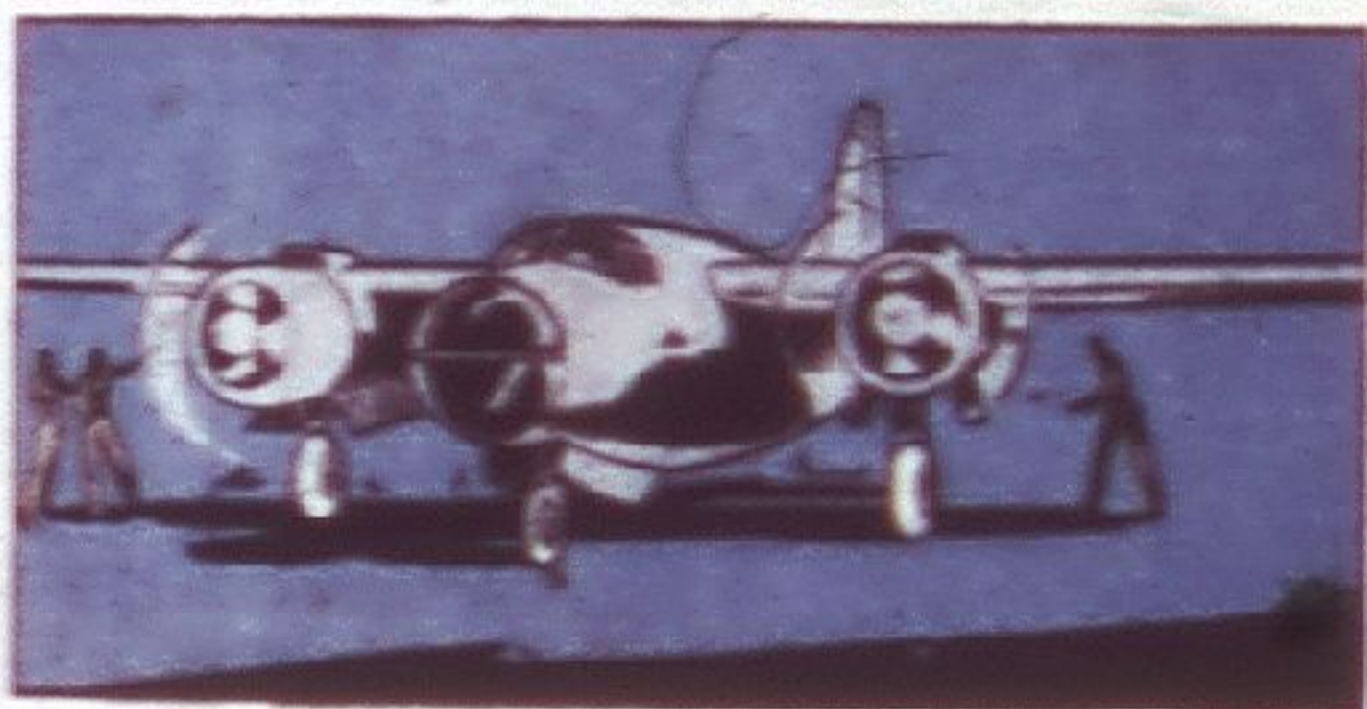
THOSE B-24 MARTIN BOMBERS WE'RE FLYING OVER ARE GREAT PLANES, CAPTAIN TAYLOR

YES, TEX... THEY'RE PROBABLY THE FASTEST BOMBERS IN THE WORLD...

THESE THREE MARTINS ARE THE FIRST TO BE FLOWN TO ENGLAND. ANXIOUS TO SEE HOW THEY MAKE OUT

YOU'RE THE FLIGHT LEADER, CAPTAIN, AND I'M FLYING THE SECOND SHIP. JAMES IS FLYING THE THIRD PLANE

DAVE JAMES, AN R.A.F. MAN, IS THE OTHER PILOT... YOU'LL HAVE A CREW OF TWO MEN BESIDES YOURSELF AND BOLTON, AND THE SHIP'S ARMED WITH ONLY ONE MACHINE GUN IN CASE OF TROUBLE WHEN YOU REACH ENGLAND LATE TONIGHT



OKAY, TEX... LET'S TAKE OFF... IF YOU LOSE SIGHT OF ME ON THE WAY ACROSS, SIMPLY KEEP GOING ON YOUR OWN...



WELL, CHUCK, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE EVER FLOWN ACROSS THE OCEAN, BUT THERE HAS TO BE A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING.



MOTORS ROARING, TEX'S GIANT PLANE STARTS ROLLING...!



...AND SOON THE THREE BIG MARTINS ARE HEADING OUT OVER THE RESTLESS ATLANTIC TOWARDS THE COLD DAWN...



WATCH YOUR MANIFOLD PRESSURE AND GAS MIXTURE, CHUCK... WE'VE GOT A LONG TRIP AHEAD!



REMEMBER, THIS CRATE ISN'T A SEAPLANE... IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG WE'RE FINISHED...!



ENDLESS HOUR AFTER HOUR THE GIANT PLANES DRONE THROUGH THE EMPTY SKIES



SUDDENLY THE INTER-PLANE COMMUNICATIONS PHONE BUZZES IN TEX'S EARS...

FLIGHT LEADER TAYLOR CALLING ADAMS AND JAMES... JUST PICKED UP AN S.O.S. SIGNAL



OH-OH! SOMETHING'S UP!!

TORPEDOED SHIP ABOUT 400 MILES DEAD AHEAD ON OUR COURSE... INCREASE SPEED... WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE... THAT'S ALL!



NOTHING MUCH WE CAN DO EVEN IF WE SIGHT THE TORPEDOED SHIP

WE CAN IDENTIFY HER ANYHOW, TEK



A SHORT TIME LATER THE THREE BOMBERS SINGOOR LOW OVER A BRITISH CRUISER WHICH IS ALSO APPARENTLY BOUND FOR THE S.O.S. CALL



BOMBERS FROM AMERICA, SIR

YES, GUESS THOSE CHAPS HEARD THE S.O.S. ALSO



WELL, WE'RE NEAR THE POSITION GIVEN IN THE S.O.S. BUT I DON'T SEE A THING... IT'S GETTING CLOUDY TOO



SUDDENLY...

TEK... LOOK DOWN THERE ON THE WATER... AN ENEMY SUB !!



YEP, AN THERE GO THE S.O.S. SIGNALS AGAIN... IT'S THAT SUB, CHUCK, SENDING OUT FAKE DISTRESS CALLS



THEY'VE SET A TRAP... !! THEY'LL SINK ANY SHIP THAT COMES IN RESPONSE TO THEIR S.O.S. !!



I GUESS CAPTAIN TAYLOR AND DAVE JAMES DIDN'T SEE THE SUB... THEY'VE DISAPPEARED IN THOSE CLOUDS AHEAD...



WE HAVE TO CONTACT AND STOP THAT BRITISH CRUISER, TEK... SHE'S... HEY! WHAT IN!



ROARING DOWN UPON TEX'S
LONE BOMBER ARE TWO
HUSSLE ENEMY BOMBERS!!



SUFFERING SHAKES...
LONG RANGE BOMBERS
ALONG THE SUB... AND
WE SPRING THEIR TRAP!!



TEX'S GUNNER LEADS TO
THE PLANE'S ONE LONE
GUN... AND OPENS THE
BATTLE...!!



WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE...!!
THEY'RE ARMED WITH CANNON
AS WELL AS MACHINE-GUNS,
CHUCK.



THEY HAVE TO KNOCK
US DOWN THOUGH,
OR THEIR TRAP IS
FOILED



THERE GOES
THE SECOND
ONE AFTER
TAYLOR AND
JAMES...

QUICK, RADIO CAPTAIN
TAYLOR AND THE
DESTROYER ABOUT...



THE ENEMY HIT US WITH A
CANNON SHOT, TEX...!! THE
RADIO'S SMASHED AND THE
RADIO MAN IS DEAD...!!



DESPERATELY TEX TRIES
TO EVADE THE NAZI SHIP,
BUT HIS PLANE IS HIT
AGAIN AND AGAIN...!!



...BUT TEX'S GUNNER IS GOOD AND
HE KEEPS UP HIS STEADY FIRING



SUDDENLY, AS THE BIG NAZI CRAFT NEARS THE BRITISH BOMBER TO DELIVER ANOTHER BROADSIDE, SMOKE WHIPS BACK FROM THE MOTOR !!



THE ENEMY SHIP INSTANTLY BREAKS OFF THE BATTLE AND SWINGS AWAY TOWARD HOME... BUT THE FLAME AND SMOKE GET THICKER.....



THE END COMES SUDDENLY WHEN THE FLAMES REACH THE WING FUEL TANKS !!



OH BROTHER, DID THAT CRATE BURN... HEY TEX, WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR SHIP ?



OUR TAIL CONTROLS MUST BE SHOT AWAY! I CAN'T HANDLE HER!

BREAK OUT OUR RUBBER BOAT, CHUCK! THIS PLANE IS FINISHED—AND WE COULDN'T WARN THAT DESTROYER ABOUT THE SUB BELOW US... THAT'S WHAT HURTS



WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET, CHUCK! TELL THE GUNNER TO HANG ON!!



BEYOND!!! THE NAZI SUB'S OFFICERS WATCH THE BOMBER DESCEND.....

OUR FLYERS DID NOT DIE IN VAIN, KAPITAN! THAT CURSED BRITISH PILOT IS ALSO GOING TO CRASH !!



CONTINUE ON COURSE! WE WILL NOT BOTHER TO PICK THEM UP

THEY ARE DIVING RIGHT TOWARD US, SIR... !!

ACH... WHAT CAN THEY DO... THEY HAVE NO BOMBS



GET SET, BOYS... I'M GOING TO TRY AND SLAM OUR LEFT RING AND MOTOR INTO THE SUB'S CONNING TOWER... WE'LL LAND IN THE SEA ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SUB... I HOPE.



ACK! HE'S GOING TO HIT US... CRASH DIVE!



TEX'S TIMING IS PERFECT... TONS OF HEAVY MOTOR AND RING HURLE INTO THE SUB'S EXPOSED CONNING TOWER WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH!



AND THE WRECKED BOMBER SLAMS INTO THE SEA SOME DISTANCE AWAY.



THE COCKPIT HATCH IS JAMMED! QUICK... OUT THE REAR HATCH, CHUCK...



I THINK MY ARMS' BUSTED, BOYS... WHAT A CRASH!!

HANG ON TO ANYTHING, BOYS... I COULDN'T GET THE RUBBER BOAT OUT... THAT CRUISER SHOULD BE HERE SOON...



NEARBY, THE SUB ROLLS DRUPEVENLY UNABLE TO SUBMERGE BECAUSE OF HER SHATTERED CONNING TOWER, AND EASY PREY FOR THE ONCOMING BRITISH WARSHIP.



LATER, ON THE CRUISER.

THE SUB SURRENDERED THE MINUTE SHE SAW US... YOU SAVED THIS SHIP AND MAYBE MANY OTHER BOATS BY YOUR DARING IN EXPOSING THE FAKE S.O.S. SIGNALS, TEX.

WE SURE DID IT THE HARD WAY THOUGH... BUT WE'RE ALL SAFE NOW!



WORLD of ICE



The Northern Lights crackled and hissed. Steam rose in spirals from the gaping mouths of the sled dogs, straining at their traces. A howling wind blasted against their faces.

Cline Burnham, eldest member of the party, lay on the sled, wrapped in furs. He had frozen his feet two days before, and was unable to stand on them.

The Lapp driver, Yakut, kept howling at the lead dog, which was showing signs of wearying. If old Moia gave up . . . the prospect of being stranded on the frigid steppes of northern Siberia held no lure.

For three weeks they had been traveling through almost perpetual darkness—the long night of the far north. What lay at the end of this terrible trek they didn't know. The Finch expedition, looking for radium, had left New York five months ago. They had been last heard from at Novrod, Russia's last outpost of civilization.

"They're all dead. Bound to be dead." That was the opinion of nearly every member of the rescue party. All of them but Eric Vale. He had a theory that if those men knew the country at the top of the world, there would be no reason for them to starve.

A pack of trail wolves lamented dismally about nine that night, coming up to within fifty yards of the small flame. But a growing blizzard drove them off. The wind whooped and snarled down over the steppes like a soul in torture, and the temperature skidded to 64 below.

Then they were on the trail again, Yakut yelling like an Indian to his dogs. Steam from their breath froze in a glare of ice over the animals' heads, but they kept up their mile-eating jog.

Three days passed. Or maybe it was four. It was hard trying to keep up with time in that unending night.

On the fifth day, rugged snow hills suddenly loomed out of the semi-gloom. They were somewhere between the Ob and Yenisei rivers. Their destination was the Gulf of Ob, in the Kara Sea; but it was an easy matter to get lost in that vast plain of ice. Food was running low and the dogs had to be put on half rations. If they didn't find their objective soon . . .

Then abruptly they sighted a great bluish flat plain ahead and below them. The Gulf of Ob! Somewhere there they would find Finch and his nine companions. Or their bodies. To the right towered a mighty mass of ice—the Kara glacier.

They were ten hours reaching the frozen coast. The Northern Lights seemed to be flashing directly overhead now. Mighty explosions echoed from the glacier as its slow movement caused portions to break off.

They set up a temporary base, built a snow windbreak for the dogs, and rested. Sleep in the far north is the traveler's most deadly enemy. One freezes to death without waking. So it is that one of the party must remain awake.

Eric elected to take the first watch, and it was about an hour after the others had slipped into deep sleep that he saw a strange sight. Rising up in a ring about him were a half hundred squat figures, all dressed in white furs. Eric leaped to his feet and tried to draw his automatic, but his fingers were too numb. And before he had time to claw the weapon out, they were upon him, silently, but with a weight of numbers that drove him to the

snow. (A flat, unsmiling face pressed close to his and said something in a clucking monosyllable.) Then they let him up and, pointing to the others with short spears, ordered him to rouse them. It took ten minutes to get the exhausted men awake, and they sat rubbing their eyes for a moment.

"Well, what's this delegation?" grunted Perkins, who had been to northern Siberia before.

"Who are they, Yakut?" Eric demanded of the Lapp.

"Me don' know. Snow devils, mebbe."

"They seem to want us to go along," Perkins said. "Well, why not? We can hardly do any worse."

Harnessing the dogs to the sled which contained the still sleeping Burnham, they set out with the strange comers of white-clad figures. Who were they? Science



had never reported a race this far north . . .

An hour's march took them around the southern extremity of the giant glacier. A short jaunt from there the leader pointed to a great hole in the ice wall. It was a tunnel of considerable dimensions. After they had gone what seemed a mile, Eric stopped.

"Say, what is this?" he demanded of the leader.

Perkins chuckled. "Loquacious old chap, eh? The whole thing's got me, Eric. Here, we stumble on a new race—or they on us—and we take a tour of a glacier. It don't make sense!"

The leader of the band shook his head and prodded Eric, motioning him ahead. None of the

other natives spoke a word, so Eric quit trying to converse.

After twenty minutes of marching, they came out into a cavern of vast size. The ceiling, of solid ice, ran up, up to limitless heights. It was a world all in itself. A world of ice! Snow houses stood everywhere. A small stream meandered through a bed of ice nearby. As they neared the houses, their occupants came rushing out, some of them bearing small skin drums and chanting in a weird tongue.

"There's Finch!" cried Eric. "And look—there are the others!"

Finch greeted them heartily. "Sure glad to see some white faces! Welcome to the world of ice!"

"What's it all about, Mr. Finch?" Eric asked.

"It's a weird place, all right, Vale, but they've been pretty good to us, kept us from starving for the last few weeks."

"Who are they?" Perkins said. "Not Eskimos?"

Finch shook his head. "I don't know. They don't do much talking, and when they do it sounds like rubbing a stick over an old-fashioned washboard. Unquestionably they are an unrecorded people...."

The leader of the strange tribe came up then and by signs made them know that they were to follow him. A short walk brought them to one of the snow houses. This, the squat native made them understand by motions, was to be their home.

"Thanks," Perkins said. "Hope there's a hot tub waiting!"

There was just that! A wooden vat hung over a bed of red coals in one corner of the shack.

"Jupiter!" cried Perkins. "The comforts of home!"

There was a pot of food, too—meat, boiled with something that resembled lichens. They all ate heartily, except Burnham, who was still too sick to partake of more than broth. Just before they finished, Finch came in, grinning.

"Well, I see you like it, son," he said. "Know what it is?"

"The meat you mean?" Eric said. "I don't know. Long pig, maybe. There's no game up here, that's a cinch!"

"Maybe it's one of their enemies," chuckled Perkins.

They pressed Finch for more details.

"For three weeks we've been cooped up in here," he explained. "Found a small streak of radium, but it would cost too much to develop. Ran out of food, so this was a life-saver. We can't start back without supplies—and they are simply nil."

Perkins said, "Then I guess we're all stuck here, unless we can find their source of food."

"These chaps seem to be waiting for something," Finch vouch-



sured. "Or at least that's the way they impress me."

Less than a week later they all knew. They awoke one morning to find the cavern bright with sunlight. Sunlight! It was a welcome sight after the long night. Burnham had recovered the use of his frozen feet and was able to be about.

Finch burst into their house while they were brewing a pot of tea. "Something's up!" he announced. "They're throwing some kind of wing-ding out there—welcoming the sun, or something."

The great cavern was alive with white-clad natives. Near the middle of the huge cavern there was a ring of squat dancers, leaping and chanting like Indians. Several of them left the ring and came toward Finch's house. A moment later two of his companions were dragged from the shelter,

yelling, toward the dancing group.

"Hey!" cried Finch. "This looks bad. They're going to offer a sacrifice, evidently."

They had thrown the two Americans to the snow and were binding them with thongs when Eric said, "Wait! We'd better stop this right now!" He ran into the snow house and came out with several sticks of dynamite.

"Brought these along to blast ice, in case we had to," he explained. "Watch!" (He lighted a stick and hurled it far up over the crowd of natives.) It exploded with a mighty roar. He followed it with a second. Falling, screaming, the natives ran for the tunnel entrance. In five minutes the white men were alone in the world of ice.

"Come on," said Eric. "I think I know where their meat supply is." He led them half around the great cavern, then swung into a dark tunnel that ran at right angles to the one that led outside. "It's only a chance!" he said, as they ran, with flashlights exploring the gloom. They came at last to a place where the ice walls had been hacked and great pieces broken off. Eric pointed with his flash.

"There it is!" he exclaimed. "Plenty of food—a million years old, but food!"

It was true. Ahead of them, as far as the eye could see, the towering ice walls were frozen solid with countless huge beasts—bary mammoths, of a dim era when dinosaurs and pterodactyls filled the young world.

"A herd of them must've been caught somehow," Eric said. "And glad I am that they were.... Well, here are some axes, and I still have some dynamite. Let's get us some ancient steaks and get out of this ice world!"

"Yeah," drawled Perkins. "The dogs are hungry, too."

ANOTHER ERIC VALE THRILLER
THE JADE ONE
IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF
CRACK CRACKS
ON SALE OCTOBER 13

OFF THE RECORD By ED REED,



"WHAT'S THIS WHISKER DOING ON MY HUSBAND'S SHOULDER?"



"JUNIOR! STOP PLAYING WITH YOUR FOOD!"

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO HER. WE'RE NOT SPEAKING."



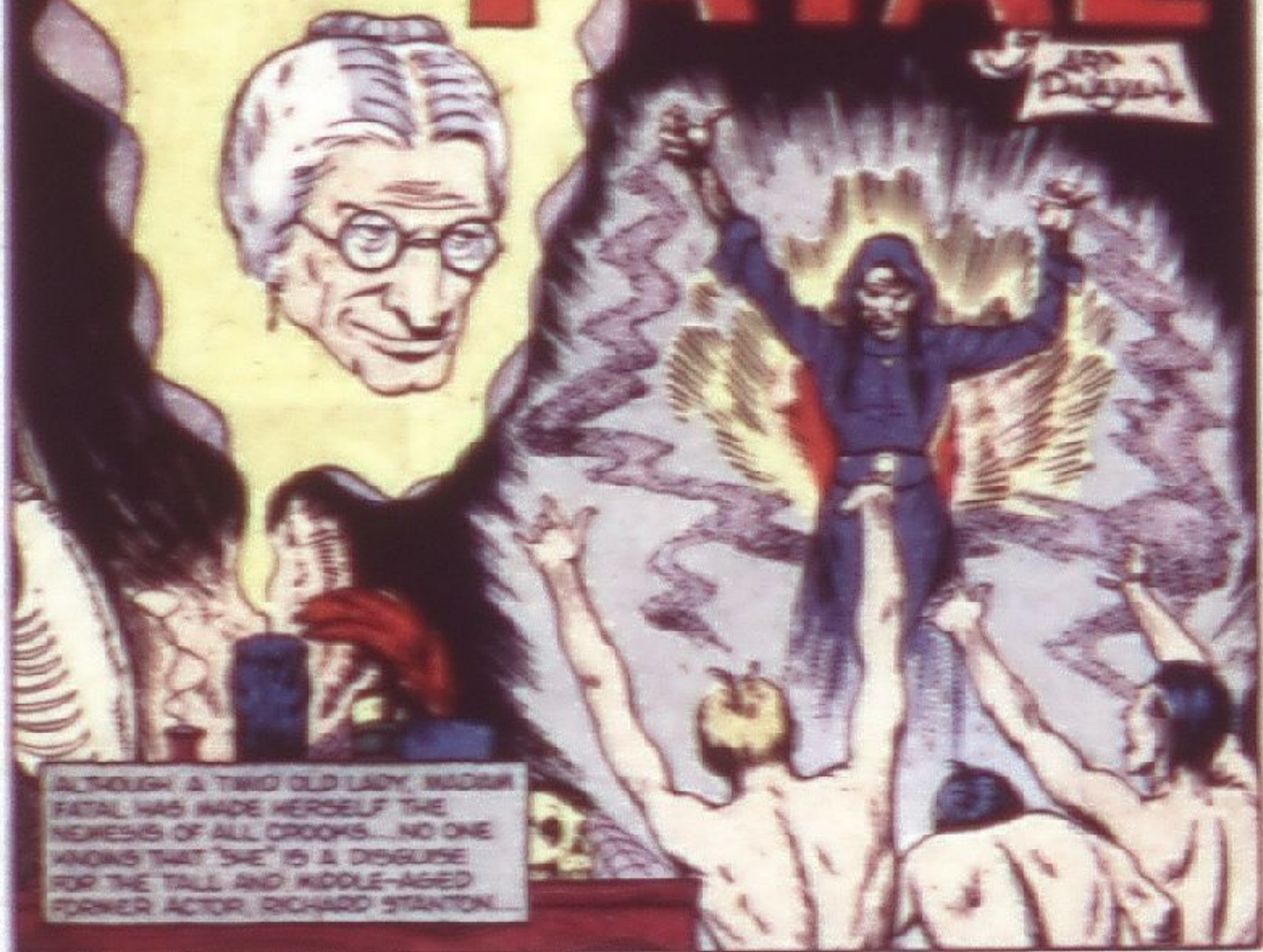
"I ALWAYS WANTED A MAN I COULD COUNT ON!"

"HE THROWS THINGS WHEN HE GETS MAD!"



"WHY NOT TAKE THE MONEY WE'VE BEEN SAVING FOR A RAINY DAY AND SET THE ROOF FIXED?"

MADAM FATAL



ALTHOUGH A TINY OLD LADY, MADAM FATAL HAS MADE HERSELF THE NEMESIS OF ALL CROOKS... NO ONE KNOWS THAT 'SHE' IS A DISGUISE FOR THE TALL AND KIDDEE-AGED FORMER ACTOR, RICHARD STANTON.

SOMEWHERE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...



GO AND BRING HER HERE... I MUST HAVE HER! IF YOU FAIL, IT WILL MEAN DEATH!

WE OBEY YOU WHO COMMANDS OUR WINDS, O BLACK WITCH!



LATER, SEVERAL GIANT FIGURES TROD MECHANICALLY DOWN THE COUNTRY ROAD...



IT IS LIFE AT NIGHT AS RICHARD STANTON AND HIS EXPLORER FRIEND TOM WIDE WALK HOME.



SOMEHOW I DON'T TRUST HER... THE WAY SHE LOOKED AT MAJORIE... WHAT'S THAT?



MEANWHILE IN TOM WIDE'S HOME.



AS STANTON AND WIDE REACH THE DRIVEWAY...



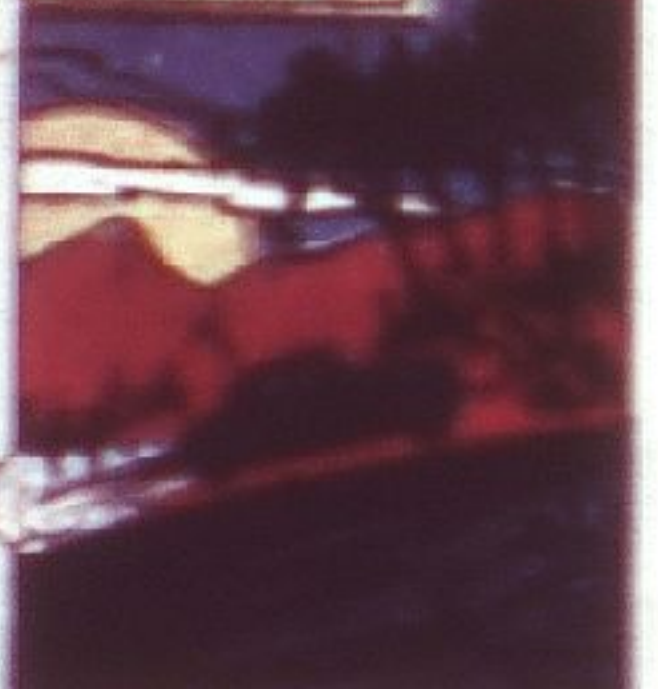
A POWERFUL BLOW FROM BEHIND DROPS STANTON...



LATER... OH-H! THEY'VE DONE IT! AND TAKEN TOM TOO! THEY MUST'VE HEADED FOR THE SUBURBS—THOSE WENT BE TOO CONSPICUOUS AROUND HERE... GOT TO FOLLOW 'EM!



TEN MINUTES LATER—A POWERFUL CAR TAKES TO THE ROAD WITH A STRANGE FIGURE AT THE WHEEL... IT'S MADAM RAPTEL...





SUDDENLY A CRUSHING BLOW FROM BEHIND DROPS THE GUARD

MADAM FATAL OPENS THE CELL DOOR...

AN OLD LADY?
ER-I'M
TOM WADE!

THANKS-ER, MR.
WADE!-YOU
CERTAINLY HIT
THAT BIG ADE
IN TIME!

THE GUARD'S
COMING
TO-I'D
BETTER
BOOK HIM
AGAIN?

NO-WAIT!
IF MY
GUESS
IS RIGHT...

OH-HUH
WHERE AM
I?

THAT BLOW HAS
KNOCKED HIM
OUT OF THE
TRANCE THE
BLACK WITCH
HAD OVER HIM!

QUICK....
TELL ME-
WHAT IS
THE BLACK
WITCH UP
TO-WHY
HAS SHE
BROUGHT MY
WIFE HERE?

SHE WANTS TO TAKE THE
HEART AND BLOOD OF A WOMAN
TO LOOK FOR THE SECRET
OF ETERNAL LIFE SO SHE
CAN CARRY ON HER WORK
OF CRIME AND DOPING
OF ZOMBIES!

SO THAT'S IT!
COME ON-
I HOPE
WE'RE NOT
TOO LATE!

LOOK! SHE'S
PREPARING
TO START THE
CEREMONY-
I'VE GOT AN
IDEA-LISTEN...

BEFORE A LEERING IDOL ON A STONE SLAB LAY MAJORIE WADE
AS THE BLACK WITCH RAISES HER KNIFE...

BEFORE SHE CAN STRIKE THERE IS A SERIES OF BLOWS BEHIND HER...



A MOMENT LATER THE TWO ZOMBIES SEEM TO COME OUT OF THEIR DAZE...

WH-WHERE AM I?



MY MIND SEEMS FREE NOW... I-I CAN THINK!

SUDDENLY THE TWO AWAKENED GUARDS MOVE TOWARD THEIR FORMER MASTER...



YOU HAVE ENSLAVED US... WE WILL KILL YOU!!

NO-

THOSE BLOWS HAVE AWAKENED THEM FROM MY TRANCE... GET BACK OR I'LL FIRE, FOOLS!



BUT MADAM FATAL ACTS LIKE A FLASH...



BEATEN, THE BLACK NITCH TURNS AND PLUNGES THROUGH A WINDOW.



WELL-THAT FINISHES THE BLACK NITCH... SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD LAND IN THAT PILE OF HAY BUT SHE MISSED IT BY INCHES!



LOTS OF PEOPLE HAVE SEARCHED FOR THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE... DO YOU THINK SOMEONE WILL EVER FIND IT?

CAN'T ANSWER THAT - BUT I DO KNOW SOMEONE WHO CAN GET OLDER AND YOUNGER JUST TO HELP PEOPLE OUT OF TROUBLE!



SNAPPY



Follow Snappy in the December issue of CRACK COMICS—on sale October 15th.

Rube Goldberg's Side Show



The CLOCK



WHEN BRIM ORIENTAL, SON OF WEALTH, CRUSADES AGAINST CRIME AND EVIL, HE DOES SO AS THE DREADED CLOCK AND OFTEN HE IS ASSISTED BY HIS "DOUBLE" AND FRIEND, PUG GRADY-

ELZA DAVES, CITY CONTROLLER ENTERS HIS DEN FOR A QUIET SMOKE AFTER DINNER-



I DON'T RECALL LEAVING ANYTHING GENT--



AS HE OPENS THE PACKAGE A HEAVY SMOKE BELCHES INTO HIS FACE-



AND ELZA DAVES IS DEAD-



THE NEXT MORNING--

COMPTROLLER DAVES
FOUND DEAD!

VICTIM OF POTASSIUM
CYANIDE POISONING

NO CLUES FOUND ON
PACKAGE CONTAINING
THE GAS.

THE NEWS IS READ BY THE
MAYOR OF THE CITY---

DAVES--
DEAD!!

IT'S THE WORK
OF THE MOB THAT
SENT THOSE--

SUDDENLY A COASH OF
GLASS SPLITS THE AIR--

WHAT TH--
A NOTE--

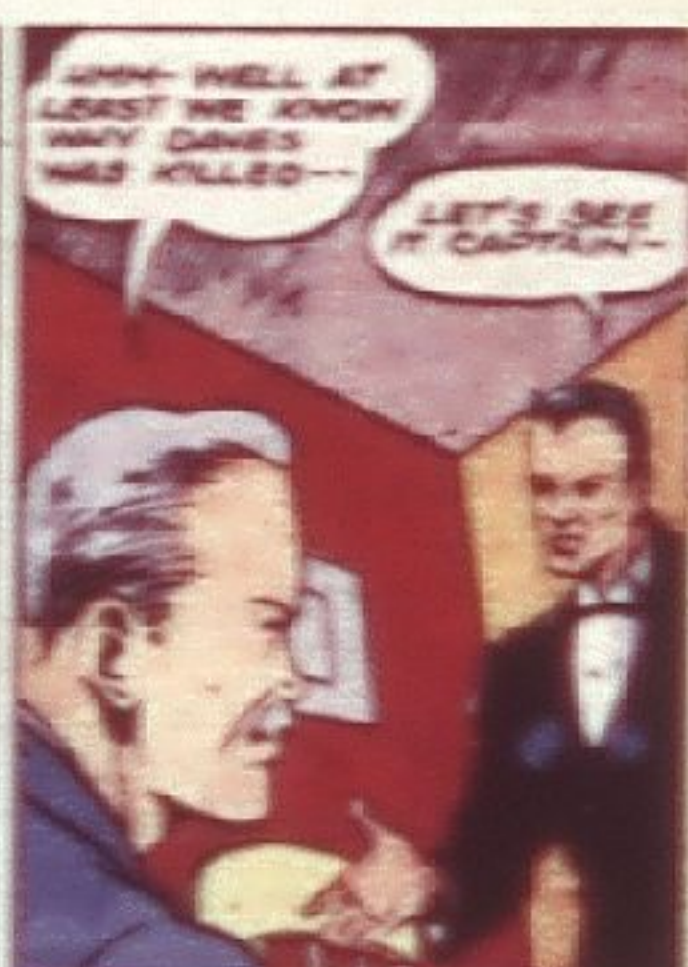
The Mayor--
Daves' death proves
at once business--
now it's up to you to
see that this city pays
me one million dollars
or else-- further
instructions will
follow tonight.
The Terror

THE POLICE-- I MUST
GET THE POLICE-- RIGHT
AWAY!

AND THE FRIGHTENED MAYOR
SPEEDS TOWARD HEADQUARTERS--

MEANWHILE BRIAN O'BRIEN,
ALIAS THE CLOCK, TALKS TO
HIS FRIEND CAPTAIN KANE
HOPING TO FIND INFORMATION
THAT WILL SOLVE THE DAVES
KILLING----

I TELL YOU,
BRIAN-- NOTHING
POINTS TO THE
KILLER--



OF COURSE NOT— YOU MUST GO OUT IN A NOVEL WAY— LIKE DAVES— GOODBYE, POOL!



THE TERROR RADES AWAY THE BLACKNESS AND IS GONE



FEAR-STROCKEN, THE HERO RACES TOWARD HIS GARAGE



DON'T TOUCH THOSE DOORS!

EYAAAAA!!



W-WHO ARE YOU?

THE CLOCK I'M HERE TO HELP YOU—



THEN LET ME GO TO THE POLICE— MY LIFE HAS BEEN THREATENED!

YOU MEAN IT'S ABOUT TO BE TAKEN, WATCH!

THE CLOCK TIES ONE END OF A ROPE TO THE GARAGE DOORS — — —



TOGETHER THE TWO MEN WALK A GOOD DISTANCE FROM THE GARAGE —



AND HE JERKS THE ROPE —



AS THE DOOR FLIES OPEN, A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SPUTS THE AIR—



SEE?

Y-YES—
WHAT WILL
I DO—THEY
MEAN TO
KILL ME

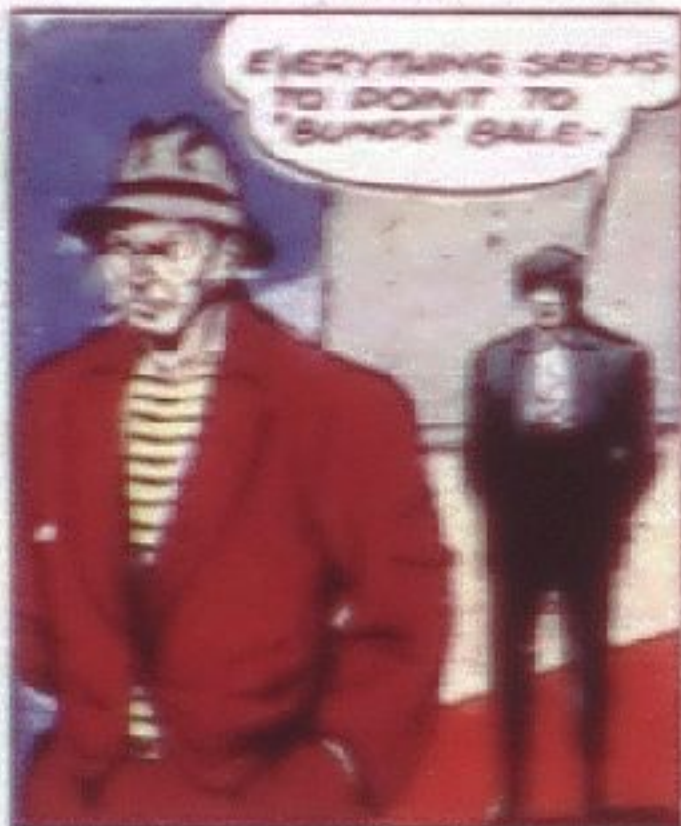


LAY LOW FOR A WHILE—
I'LL SPREAD THE WORD AROUND
THAT YOU INTEND TO RUN—
AND LEAVE THE REST
TO ME—

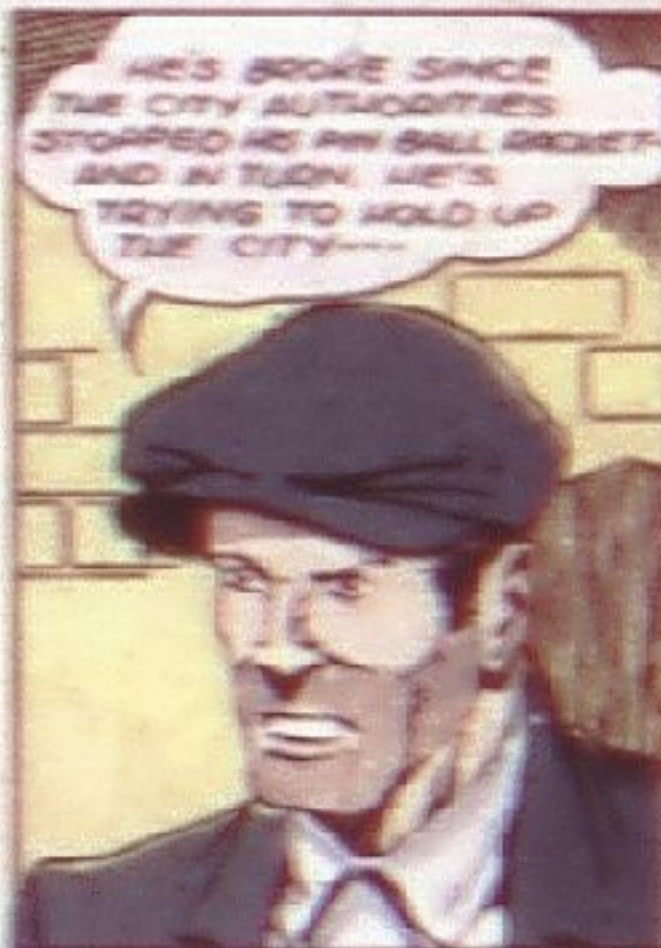
FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS, THE
CLOCK, DISGUISED AS A DERELICT,
SNOOPS THROUGH THE UNDER-
WORLD, PICKING UP THREADS OF
CONVERSATION—



AND FROM WHAT HE HEARS
HE DEDUCTS—



EVERYTHING SEEMS
TO POINT TO
"BUND'S" SALE—



HE'S BROKE SINCE
THE CITY AUTHORITIES
STOPPED HIS PIN-BALL RACKET—
AND IN TURN, HE'S
TRYING TO HOLD UP
THE CITY—



BUT IT'S
GOT TO BE
PROVEN!

THAT NIGHT, THE CLOCK,
AS BRIAN O'BRYEN, CALLS
ON CAPTAIN KANE—



DO ANYTHING
ON THE DAVE'S
CASE, CAPTAIN?

YES—



I PUT OUT A DAG-
NET AND QUESTIONED
EVERY KNOWN CROOK
IN THE CITY!

ER-AM- SALE
TOO??



MIDNIGHT-- AND THE CLOCK AWAILS THE ARRIVAL OF THE TERROR---



THE TERROR DELIVERS A BLOW THAT KNOCKS THE WIND OUT OF THE CLOCK—



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE CLOCK STANDS CONCEALED IN THE TERROR'S HOME AND TAKES CAREFUL AIM JUST ABOVE HIS SHOULDER—

THE MIRROR SPLITS INTO A WEB OF CRACKS—



Don't miss the next sensational adventure of The Clock in the December issue of CRACK COMICS.

A TIRE STORY IN THE SKY



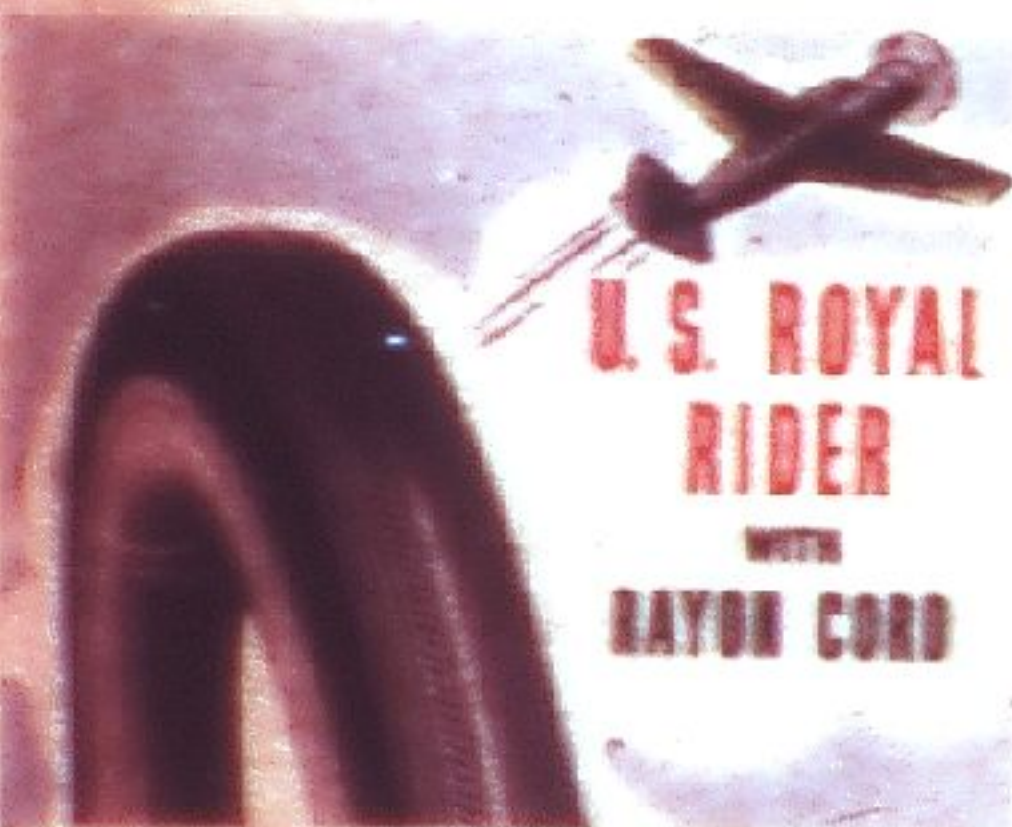
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RED RYDER OFFICIAL STANDING POSITION



RED RYDER KNEELING POSITION ... SIT ON RIGHT HEEL ...



RED RYDER PRONE POSITION ... BODY AT 45° ANGLE TO TARGET ... SPINE IS STRAIGHT



NOTE THAT RED'S ELBOWS ARE UNDER BODY—CHEST OFF GROUND



RED TELLS LITTLE BEAVER HOW

KEEP YOUR TOES OUT, LITTLE BEAVER! IT WILL STEADY YOU

PLENTY GOOD FOR SHOOTING TARGET YOU BECHUM!

AND I WISH EVERY IN THE WORLD COULD TRY SHOOTIN' MY CARBINE!



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